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The American Girl

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JANET LOOKS AT THE FRICK COLLECTION by MILDRED ADAMS

CAMP

A B C's

L

IS FOR LAUNDRY BAGS, LANTERNS AND LARIATS

(Think of the things you've forgotten before!)

M

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

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Courtesy of the Frick Collection

THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK AND HER CHILDREN

Painted by George Romney

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ANNE STODDARD · EDITOR

MAY · 1936

MILDRED ADAMS,

Special writer for The New York Times Magazine and many national periodicals, again lets you share Janet's art experiences in

JANET LOOKS AT THE FRICK COLLECTION

I THOUGHT you said we were going to a picture gallery!" Janet turned an accusing eye on her aunt. "It's just a house and—" the rest of her sentence was lost in a little gasp. She jumped back from the curb as the tires of a speeding taxi fanned fine spray at her new spring coat.

Jane offered a consoling handkerchief, and looked across the traffic to the low building that stretched its colonnade the whole length of a Fifth Avenue block. "It is a picture gallery, but it started life as a house. And you wouldn't call it 'just a house,' would you? When you look at the size of it, and how it has all Central Park for its front yard?"

But Janet, embittered by the taxi's unexpected assault, was firm. "If it's a house, it's a house," she insisted. "There, those old lights are green now, let's go. I want to see pictures. Are they as good as those in Chicago?"

She was a step ahead of her young aunt as they crossed the wide pavement, and not until they had ducked down into a small basement room, claimed the tickets for which they had telephoned the day before, and headed toward the entrance door, was there time to answer her. Then her aunt declared, "Witness refuses to answer, by advice of counsel. The two shows are so different that you might almost as well try to say whether a chamber music concert was as good as the circus. That had a thousand pictures, and this has about a hundred and forty. That was in a huge public gallery, and this is in what used to be a private house. That—"

But Janet interrupted with a meek, "Yes, teacher, please go on." She was wearing the demure look she always put on when her aunt fell into what she called the "balanced sentence stride."

"You brought it on your own head, monkey," her aunt retorted. "And if you'll stop looking like an imp-faced ewe lamb, I'll tell you the rest of it. This house belonged to



THE LOVELY OPEN COURTYARD OF THE FRICK MANSION LEADING INTO THE ART GALLERIES

Henry Frick, who made a great fortune selling coke and making steel, and came to New York to enjoy it. The thing he liked best was pictures, so he bought a whole block of land up here on Fifth Avenue, and built a house which had its own picture gallery. He had brought some pictures from Pittsburgh to start with, and then he went on buying more and more. Every time he went to Europe he got new ones. And the more he bought, the more he learned, so that toward the end of his life he was getting only the very finest work of the most famous men. When he died, he left the whole collection, and the house, and money to take care of them, to the people of New York. And that's how you and I happen to be standing at the front door of one of the finest private collections in the United States. Now—class dismissed. Forward march!"

BUT Janet's curiosity was not quite satisfied. "You said something last night about a millionaire's shell. What did you mean?"

It was Jane's turn to look demure. "Did I? That must have been when I was wrangling with your father over economics. I don't remember what I said, but it's quite true that, in addition to seeing beautiful pictures, you'll see pictures beautifully hung, and you'll see a beautiful house which a millionaire built to live in. Perhaps I did call it his shell. Does it make sense?"

They mounted a shallow flight of steps, and pushed open doors to the entrance hall. There was a check room where Janet refused to be parted from her new spring coat, a turnstile where they gave up their tickets. Then they were in a gardened court, with a glass roof overhead and a fountain splashing gentle water into a little pool.

"It reminds me of Roman pictures in our history book,"

Photographs by courtesy of the Frick Collection



SAINT FRANCIS IN ECSTASY, A MASTERPIECE BY GIOVANNI BELLINI. THE PAINTING PLEASED JANET BECAUSE OF THE "KNOCK-KNEED" DONKEY IN THE BACKGROUND



SAINT JEROME, DRESSED AS A CARDINAL IN A PINK CAPE, PAINTED BY DOMENICO THEOTOCOPULI, CALLED "EL GRECO" BY THE SPANIARDS OF TOLEDO WHO COULD NOT PRONOUNCE HIS GREEK NAME



SELF-PORTRAIT OF REMBRANDT, PAINTED WHEN HE WAS FIFTY-TWO. THIS WAS THE PICTURE CHOSEN BY JANE AS HER FAVORITE AMONG THE FRICK COLLECTION TREASURES



THIS MERRY-EYED GIRL WHO STILL LIVES ON CANVAS WAS THE MARCHESA GIOVANNA CATTANEO OF GENOA, PAINTED BY THE FLEMISH ARTIST, ANTHONY VAN DYCK, EARLY IN THE SIXTEEN-TWENTIES

Janet whispered. "Is this what you meant about his shell?"

"Wait until you see the velvet lining," Jane whispered back. Then they reached the first gallery, and all was forgotten in the fascination of the blue girl who dominates the end of the room.

"What a lovely, lovely dress! But why does she stand like that with her stomach stuck out? Our gym teacher won't let us," Janet said, all in one breath.

SHE probably didn't have a gym teacher," Jane replied. "Ladies didn't, in those days. And curving, swanlike necks were very popular. That lady was—let's see what the catalogue says about her. She was the Comtesse d' Haussenville, wife of a French diplomat. She lived in Paris about the time your grandmother was keeping house in Boston, and if you think back to some of those dim old daguerreotypes in the bookcase drawer at home, you'll remember that she used to wear her hair that same way. It was as important then to have it slick and smooth, as it is now to have it waved. The Comtesse wrote books, and I strongly suspect that your frivolous grandmother would have called her a Blue Stocking." She gazed intently at the blue girl, then went on. "Do you remember what we said in Chicago about all pictures being, in the last analysis, matters of color, and form, and composition? What would you pick this for?"

"Color," said Janet without a moment's hesitation. "And maybe form? I'm not quite sure what composition is, but I don't think this is important for that."

They went looking farther for composition. Jane found a Greco of Christ driving the money changers from the temple which had a most interesting, whirling composition scheme, but Janet wrinkled her nose at it. "I can't see anything but the colors," she declared. "It looks a little like the pictures I used to get in Sunday School when I was very young, but the colors are queerer, and the people are tumbling over each other more. I'm sorry."

Her aunt laughed. "Don't sound so dutiful. You depress me. Come along, and we'll leave Greco for another time."

Janet took her at her word, and slipped around the corner of the wall into an oval room hung with pale gold velvet where she stopped as suddenly as she had started. If the

place had not somehow laid a finger on her lips, she would have shouted. As it was she made semaphore signs at her aunt, and then, failing to catch her eye, darted back and took her by the sleeve.

"Come and tell me about these. These are exciting!" she insisted, and led Jane into the pale golden room. Five portraits hung there, four of them tall and dim, and the fifth seeming about to speak from the canvas. "Who are they?" Janet was bubbling. "Is he a king, all in pink velvet and gold lace? And who are the tall ones? They look like the ghosts of courtiers, only somehow I don't think they belonged to His Majesty's court."

JANE nodded approvingly. "Good egg. That's a win. The pink and gold king is Philip IV of Spain, three hundred years older than what you call the ghosts, but he had a better artist to paint him. Whoever had the bright idea of hanging them together was a genius. You'll never see a lovelier gallery room."

"But tell me about the king," Janet insisted. "I want to know."

Her aunt told her of Velasquez, painting kings and queens "and bad ambiguous dwarves" in Madrid at a time when Spain was mistress of the world, and the United States just a fringe of small British colonies on the Atlantic coast, struggling for life against cold and hardship and Indian raids. And of how he put the whole court on canvas, paying no attention to whether they were homely or handsome, but painting them just as they were. And of the statue of him that still stands in his home town of Seville, bearing the simple inscription, "To the painter of the truth."

"But don't you think this King Philip is handsome?" Janet asked.

"With his long Hapsburg jaw and his weak face?" Janet returned question for question. "Wouldn't you say rather that his clothes are handsome, and that Velasquez has made a gorgeous portrait of him? See how you and I



LADY HAMILTON AS "NATURE," A FAMOUS PORTRAIT BY GEORGE ROMNEY, FASHIONABLE PAINTER OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY



THE BLUE GIRL, COMTESSE D'HAUSSONVILLE, WHO DOMINATES THE END OF THE FIRST GALLERY. PAINTED BY INGRES, A NOTED DRAUGHTSMAN OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL



MISTRESS AND MAID SERVANT, A RARE WORK OF JAN VERMEER, ONE OF THE GREAT ARTISTS OF THE DUTCH SCHOOL. JANET ENJOYED HIM BECAUSE "HIS WOMEN SEEM ALIVE"



THE FORGE, PAINTED BY THE SPANISH ARTIST, GOYA, WHEN HE WAS OVER SEVENTY. HIS FREE, IMPRESSIONISTIC TREATMENT INFLUENCED FRENCH PAINTERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

have half forgotten the ghosts around him. Yet the ghosts were painted by an American, James McNeill Whistler, who was a very famous man and, for his period, a very good painter."

Janet was delving in the back of her memory. "Oh, yes, he painted a portrait of his mother. And it's very famous. And didn't it hang in Chicago? And hasn't Grandmother a copy of it in her room?"

"It is, and it did, and she has. And you go to the top of your class for remembering all those things," Jane applauded. "And just for that, I'll forbear trying to explain why he doesn't rank with Velasquez as a painter. Let's see what there is in the next room."

THE next room was a long gallery with tables in the center and aisles marked off by velvet rope, the original art gallery of the house and left almost exactly as it had been while the owner was alive. In spite of the fact that Jane and Janet had come at noon in the hope of avoiding a crowd, this room was filled and they found it necessary to pace slowly down the long aisle in the wake of other people. This made talking difficult, and for a while Janet contented herself with pokes at Jane and excited whispers. The clothes of the painted people fascinated her—the long pointed lace cuffs on Van Dyke's men, the stiff silks and velvets that his women wore. "They'd stay right where they are even if the people moved out of them," she insisted. "Look at this one!" She pointed at the small daughter of the Earl of Derby who, with her hands crossed in front and a silk dress standing stiffly about her, was doing her best to imitate her ample mother.

High on the wall, a smaller picture caught her eye. "Wait,

Jane," she caught at her aunt's coat sleeve. "Tell me about that. Can't you almost hear them talk? The lady whose hair is all done up in pearls, and the maid with the letter."

"Again a good egg," her aunt approved. "That's one of the very few Vermeers in the world. He was a Dutch painter, born about twenty years later than Rembrandt, and still a young man when he died. Not young to you, old dear," she made a kind of parenthesis of her voice, "but young to me. There are only about thirty of his pictures known in the world, but he is considered one of the very great men of his day. People who say a lot of words about pictures rave over values and atmospheric quality, but you noticed him because his women seemed alive—and that's as good a reason as any other to start with. You can almost read what's going on in the lady's mind. Shall she take the letter? Is she going to like it? Or does it hold only trouble? Letters didn't come as often then as they do now, and I suspect that this was as big an event as that cablegram you got last Easter."

DID I look like that when I got it?" Janet doubted. And then, "I want pearls for my hair, and a yellow jacket edged with ermine."

They found Turner's paintings of ships and towns at sunset, and Jane wished he'd painted New York harbor the way it looks from the Empire State Building, with the ferry boats tracing chalk lines on its flat blue. They found Holbein's portraits of a stern Sir Thomas More and a sterner Sir Thomas Cromwell, and Janet, whose knowledge of English history was still in its first stages, got him mixed with the later Oliver, and asked indignantly how a Roundhead came to be wearing such gorgeous velvet clothes.

And then Jane stopped in front of a canvas that seemed both glowing and somber with its own light and shadow.

"This is my choice," she said. (*Continued on page 45*)

PHILIP IV OF SPAIN, WITH HIS WEAK FACE AND HAPSBURG JAW, IS RESPLENDENT IN PINK VELVET AND GOLD LACE IN THIS FINE PORTRAIT BY DIEGO VELASQUEZ, "THE PAINTER OF THE TRUTH"





*Ill-fate menaces the
Dixon family on the
fringe of the wilder-
ness, but—*

SALLY SOUNDS THE ALARM

By

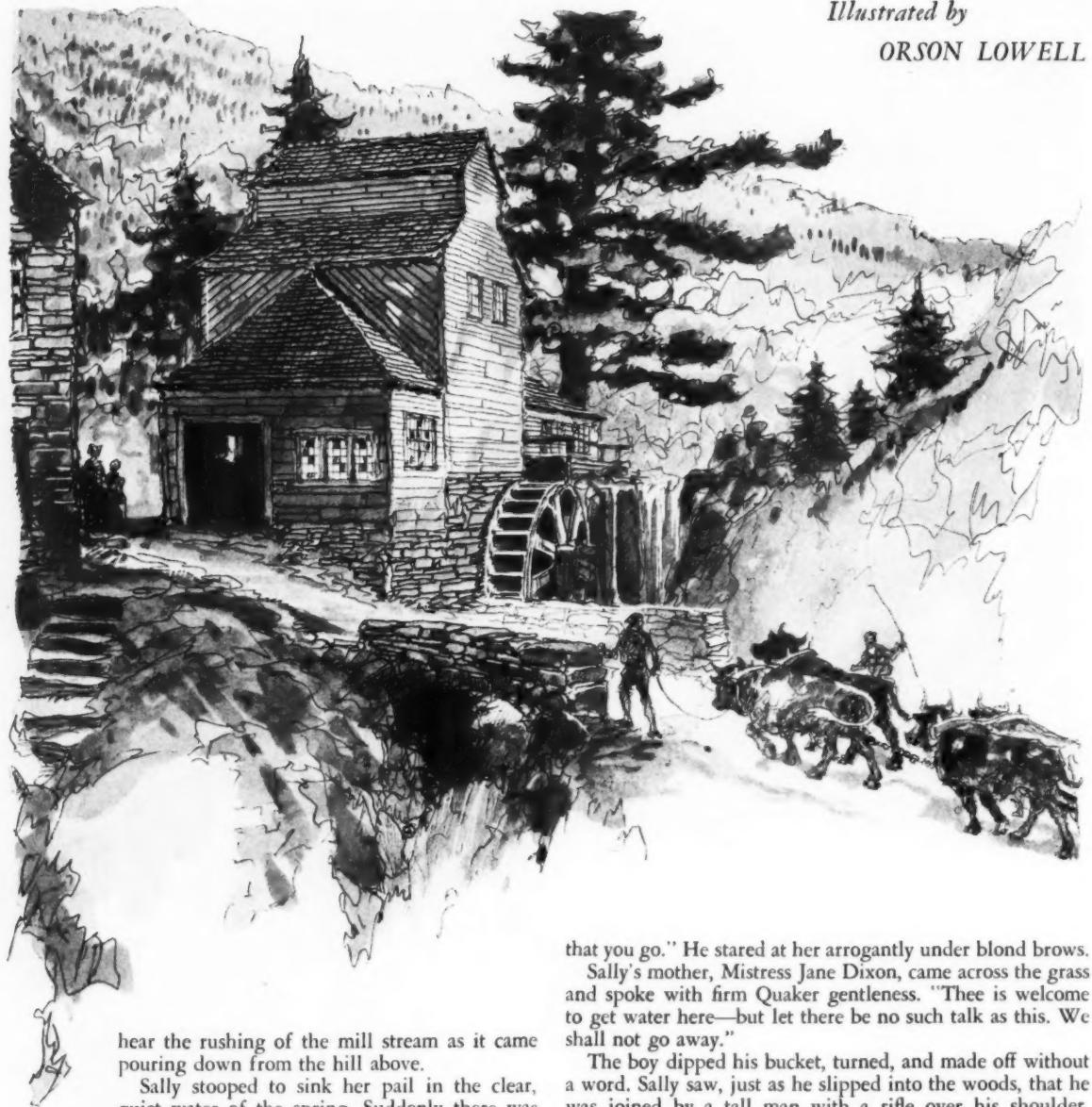
CORNELIA MEIGS

A BAND of early sunshine across the wide kitchen floor greeted Sally as she opened the door, noiselessly so that she should not waken her tired mother still asleep upstairs. She glanced to right and left, peered into closets and out of the windows, for she was examining, for the first time, the new house where she and her family were to live. Their arrival in the rain and the dark last night had given them no chance to look about them. There was a big fireplace and deep cupboards—all that was good. Now, of course, the thing she must make sure of next was where the water was to come from. She opened the outer door, letting in the May freshness, the voices of thrushes, and the smell of wet woods. There was the spring her father had spoken of, right in the middle of the stretch of grass, walled

in by a circle of flat stones. She took up the wooden bucket from the corner and went out, moving through the deep, dewy grass and flowers.

The woods which opened in a half circle behind the house were here so close that one clump of small trees and bushes ran out to the very edge of the stones. Sally looked back at the house, big and square, built of solid Pennsylvania stone, with a narrow cart track leading up to the door and, across the road, the beams and timbers of a half-built mill. This was the building that her father had bought, and that he and Sally's brothers were going to finish. She could

Illustrated by
ORSON LOWELL



hear the rushing of the mill stream as it came pouring down from the hill above.

Sally stooped to sink her pail in the clear, quiet water of the spring. Suddenly there was a rustling in the bushes and an unexpected figure appeared. It was a boy, a very big boy, almost a man. He wore a fringed leather shirt like an Indian, and leather breeches. His skin was tanned dark brown, but his hair was blond and so sunburned as to be almost white. He carried a battered bucket.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded roughly.

Sally had heard her mother come downstairs, and now caught sight of her standing on the doorstep. That presence gave her courage to answer firmly.

"We have come here to live—my father and mother and my three brothers and I. We came from Philadelphia—last night—and we're going to stay here all the rest of our lives."

The boy snapped back at her. "You have no right here. My uncles and I, we have been on this hillside for nearly a year. We don't care for the shelter of a house, but we need these woods to hunt in, and it suits us to get our water from this spring. We won't have the sound of hammers and mal-lots driving away the deer and the partridges. We won't have a mill, rumbling and grinding, and people coming up the road in grain carts. You can't stay. If you try to, we'll see

that you go." He stared at her arrogantly under blond brows.

Sally's mother, Mistress Jane Dixon, came across the grass and spoke with firm Quaker gentleness. "Thee is welcome to get water here—but let there be no such talk as this. We shall not go away."

The boy dipped his bucket, turned, and made off without a word. Sally saw, just as he slipped into the woods, that he was joined by a tall man with a rifle over his shoulder. She was trembling a little as she turned back toward the house, but by this time the fire had been started on the hearth and she saw their own plume of smoke going up from their own chimney. How beautiful it was going to be to live here in their own house, on their own hillside, grinding grain in their own mill. No one should ever drive them away.

OVER their breakfast, Sally and her mother told of the strange boy and his threats. John Dixon, Sally's father, looked grave. "There are always people of that sort in a new country," he said. "I have heard that there are groups of men hereabouts who would rather live by hunting and fishing than by more sober work. But we will not let them frighten us." Then he turned to his three tall sons who were tempted to linger over their first meal in the new house. "We must not delay," he told them. "Thee knows we have only a short summer for a great amount of work."

As Sally went about helping her mother to unpack, she was thinking of what her father had said. Certainly if anyone knew what a new country held, that person was John Dixon. Here, in the new Province of Pennsylvania, history

had been made in twenty years. Sally's father had been only a boy when he came, in the year sixteen eighty-two, to the colony which Mr. William Penn had planted for the safe and happy living of those who had no freedom in other countries. He had seen the town of Philadelphia grow from a handful of log cabins to a thriving city. He had learned skill in building trades, living plainly and thrifitly with his growing family, as Quakers do; but he had never seemed content in the narrow little house in Philadelphia, crowded so close against the houses of his neighbors. Sally's thoughts lingered on a day, some months ago, when her father's chief employer, Mr. Ezra Raymond, had come to talk over a certain matter with his best workman.

IHAVE made almost too many plans," Ezra Raymond had said, "and I begin to find myself short of money for carrying them out." He was building a mill, it seemed, and a house for the miller on a piece of ground nearly a day's journey out of Philadelphia. "There is need of a mill there, for the valley below is beginning to fill up with farmers who must get their grain ground. I bought the land from my friend, Governor William Penn himself, who liked the idea that a mill should go up in that place. It is not far, indeed, from his own estate of Pennsbury in which he takes so much pride. But I have not the money to finish what I have begun, and I should like to see these beginnings taken over by a thrifty man—a builder—who would make a worthy end to them. In fact, Friend Dixon, I should like to see the place come into thy hands."

So the talk ended in John Dixon's deciding that he would, indeed, buy the hill-side land, with the house almost finished



TWO HUGE ROUND MILLSTONES
WERE CARRIED UP THE STEEP
HILLSIDE WITH GROANING AND
CREAKING OF THE HEAVY CART

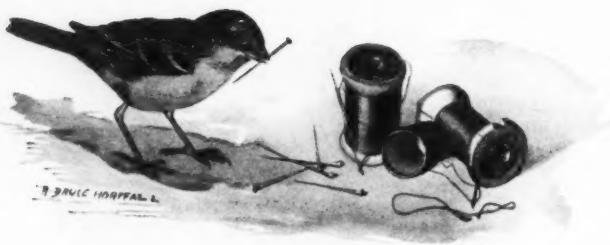
and the mill half done. Even now, as Sally worked busily, getting things into their places, she saw her mother open the carved wooden Bible box, to make sure that there was, safely within, beside the blackbound book, that great square of thick paper which was of such value. On it was set out, in beautiful black letters, the fact that William Penn had sold to Ezra Raymond such and such acres in Bucks County in the Province of Pennsylvania. With it was a small paper stating that this deed to the land was now made over to John Dixon and his "heirs and assigns" which meant his children.

The long days of May and June were filled with the sound of hammers and saws. "We must finish by harvest time," Sally heard her father say, at first speaking cheerfully, later with anxiety. All his money was in this undertaking. Unless the mill were ready for use when the time came for grinding grain, they would have next to nothing to live on during the winter.

People came up from the valley to wish the Dixons well and to say how much a mill was needed in that neighbor-

hood. Sally learned to know the different kinds of settlers—the thin, hardy Swedes, who had cabins and patches of cleared land near the streams; the Dutch family who had ploughed and planted their farm before ever Mr. William Penn came to found Pennsylvania; the gentle-speaking English Quakers; the occasional dark-haired, stocky Welshman; and the Germans, stout and fair-haired, who smiled so much and could talk so little English. It was one of these, a boy named Rudolf Meng, who was the only person able to spare enough time from farming to help with the work on the mill. He slept in the barn, in the haymow, and was always up with the sun to bring in the water, and light the kitchen fire.

Sally's father had met, once or twice, the members of that family who lived above them on (*Continued on page 39*)



A PIN WAS HIS SPECIAL DELIGHT

OLIVER TIRESOME

By HARLEY RUSSELL

ONE day in early summer Mrs. Wellspring invited me to tea. I have since realized that she had a secret motive for doing so.

A comfortable, jolly woman is Mrs. Wellspring, with an ample laugh and a heart big with love for all living things. No creature needing food or shelter applies to her in vain and, as a result, she has kept some odd citizens in her house and spacious untidy yard. She is brooding motherhood personified. Husband, children—cats, dogs, neighbors—we are all her children. And we all adore her.

On this fatal day Mrs. Wellspring met me with both hands outstretched in kindness. A smile of more than ordinary welcome adorned her round face. There was, however, that slight self-consciousness in her manner which her friends have come to know and dread. It warns us that she has some special piece of mischief tucked away in the back of her mind.

"Well," I said, "and what have you been up to now?"

"Why nothing! Nothing at all!" she answered hastily. "Come on in, and take a look at the animals. I've got some new ones."

I found the family augmented by an immature and unresponsive crocodile about fourteen inches long—a red ribbon tied about his neck—and a small, bleating lamb which had, Mrs. Wellspring explained, so aroused the affections of her baby son that he had refused to be separated from it. Half apologetically, she laughed at her menagerie.

There was also an infant bird, species unknown but of remarkable history. Mrs. Wellspring proceeded forthwith to tell me all about it.

A few days earlier, her eldest son, Bobby, had carried home a small, unbroken egg, holding it warmly in his grubby palm. In a moment of inspiration he had put it

A bird in the hand is a lot more trouble than one in the bush. A story based on a real experience

Illustrated by R. BRUCE HORSFALL

behind the radiator and, unaware that he was impersonating the mother bird, from time to time he had rolled it about in his hands, always putting it back behind the radiator again. And then, one day, the greenish-blue shell had cracked and out staggered, blindly, an object like a scrap of raw meat, demanding instant food and a good nest.

"Worms, worms, worms!" it cried. And worms it had to have.

The whole family was dragooned by Mrs. Wellspring, from the grave, professorial father to the four-year-old son. They dug and delved in shifts. They peered about eagerly for grubs, prayed fervently for early houseflies, longed for the despised mosquito.

All through the last days of May, the tiny bird flapped its unfeathered wings and squawked untiringly for worms, worms, more, more worms. So strong was the urge to live in the fantastic little creature that nothing which was put into the wide slit of its ever-open beak seemed to endanger its life. Sightless, scrawny, hideous, and pathetic, it thrrove and grew.

However, with the coming of June and impending vacations, new homes had to be found for the livestock. Mrs. Wellspring told me so, pointedly, that afternoon. She looked at me suggestively, and I knew she was measuring the interest in my eyes as she took up the minute basket in which dwelt the naked scrap of persistent life, and held it in her large, curved palm. Chuckling persuasively, she drew my attention to its various charms. I tried to harden my heart.

I glanced down at my dog, Danny. He stood alert, watching the bird. His small brown body was tense with excitement. He shot a swift look at me under his eyelids. And then he wagged his tail. He also licked his chops. I felt doubtful. I expect I looked it.

"Poor little mite!" said Mrs. Wellspring, gazing pityingly at the bird. "I guess we'll have to give you to the cat."

She eyed me shrewdly. She was trying to make me miserable. She was succeeding. I knew I was beaten.

"I'll take him," I said, and instantly found bird, basket and all, thrust into my hands.

I went home, Danny following demurely at my heels, and set the service man to collecting worms. He brought them to me in a box, a revolting, wriggling mass. One look was more than enough. I shut the lid firmly, and returned them to him with thanks.

I opened the refrigerator. In it, I found some uncooked, chopped (*Continued on page 35*)



UNWILLINGLY, DANNY WOULD ALLOW OLIVER TO TWEAK HIS HAIR

OPPOSITES ATTRACT

Lucy longed to meet a Celebrity, and was overjoyed at the prospect of observing one at close range

By

FRANCES FITZPATRICK WRIGHT

MOTHER says I have a romantic nature, and maybe that's the reason I've always longed to meet people who don't live in a humdrum way like we do. I don't mean to be ungrateful for my home and parents. I know it is a good, average American farm home, and that Mother and Father are good parents, even if a little old-fashioned. But it's just that we are so average. We get up at six and go to bed at ten, winter and summer. After supper Father likes to read the newspaper and doze a little, and Mother likes to crochet bedspreads. We have just one servant, Aunt Susan, who does the cooking and washing, and who is much too familiar in her manner to suit me. I like servants who never speak except to say, "Yes, Madam." I have a younger brother and sister, but aside from always taking measles, or mumps, at the most inopportune moments, they don't bother me much. Not nearly so much as Pete, anyway.

Pete is my older brother. I was astonished when I found out that Peggy Hale is in love with Pete. Peggy is a darling girl and very popular, and how she could ever fall in love with Pete is beyond me. He isn't bad looking, but he is just what I call crude. He wears the most horrible neckties, and he's never the least bit gallant. I like tall, dark, serious-looking men. Like, for instance, Ronald Coleman. Pete's always so cheerful, and he acts so young. And he has no pride. I mean he says our old wreck of a car is good enough for us, that everybody knows farmers are poor-but-honest people, and he simply won't help out when I begin on Father to trade it in. It enrages me.

As I said, I had always longed to meet some unusual and artistic people, like the ones whose pictures you see in magazines. But I never dreamed I'd get a chance to visit anyone like that. Then, one day, Pete came in from the mail box with a letter for me. He held it at arm's length and read aloud, in that imitation Oxford accent that he knows I despise, "For Miss Lucy Ellen Downing." He



PAUL WAS JUST LIKE PRINCE CHARMING IN PERSON, AND A MARVELOUS DANCER

turned it over and read the return address, "T. W. M., Middlefield Farm, Old Surrey Road, Westgrove, Tennessee."

"Ha!" said Pete, "the spot sounds alluring. Prithee, Sister, hast thou a royal friend or suitor, farming incognito?"

I didn't deign to answer him. I can't bear people who think they are humorists. I snatched the letter out of his hand and went haughtily up to my room to read it. It was from Theresa Ward MacGregor. You may have read her book, *House on the Sand*. You wouldn't believe it, but she married my uncle. I mean, just none of our family are intellectuals, and you'd never expect one of us to marry anybody like Theresa Ward MacGregor. We had never met her. Most of the time, she and Uncle Philip had lived in Italy. But once, in a magazine,

I found a picture of her. It is a gorgeous looking picture. She is standing on a hilltop—I think it must be in Italy; at least there's a beautiful, if somewhat dilapidated statue in the background, and you know no American hill has any statue on it, even an old one. Anyway, there she stands like a goddess, with her hair blowing in the wind, and she has on the most interesting clothes, a smock, hand embroidered—I imagine by some exiled Russian princess. (At least I've been told that practically all the hand embroidery you buy abroad is done by exiled Russian princesses.) And she has on queer sandals with thick soles, like you see pictures of society women wearing on the beach at Cannes. I cut out the picture and framed it, and ever since I have kept it sitting on our living room mantel. Everyone who comes in notices it at once, and I always say, off-handedly, "My aunt, Theresa Ward MacGregor. She writes."

I remember when Father first saw the picture he said, "Well, I've always heard that opposites attract. Sure looks like it in this case." And Cousin Emmie, who always writes a Mother's Day poem for the county paper, sighed and said, "Ah me, I fear that living with poor Philip will extinguish the divine spark in her. He's so unpoetic."

"He'll cramp her style, you mean?" jeered Pete, in his



(Doris Gabriel)

crass way. "Wait. Just wait and see. Those artistic ones have well-developed egos."

There never was a wedding in our family that caused so much talk. So, naturally, my hands shook as I opened her letter. This is what she said:

"My dear,

Phil tells me you are now sixteen, an age which I remember as most entrancing. My younger brother has just come to us from school in Italy. He is eighteen, and quite lonely in his strange American home. We want him to get acquainted with you, and learn that good times may be had, even in the United States.

By the address above, you will see that we are now living only a State away from you. We are quite impoverished from our foolish investments, but it is interesting, being poor farmers. Your uncle is so practical, and I am becoming domestic, as you will see.

My love to your father and mother, and to the other members of your family. Will you let me know soon the day you can come, and help to reconcile my poor boy to his adopted land?"

WOULD I? I was dizzy, simply dizzy, with delight. I had a terrible time answering that letter, and I wasted nearly a whole box of stationery. I didn't want to sound as thrilled as I was—because, after all, I'm sixteen, and people of sixteen are supposed to have had at least some worldly experience. I borrowed Gloria's etiquette book, and read what Emily Post said about accepting invitations, and sort of went by that. So, finally, I got it off.

I began at once to get my clothes ready. Mother was sympathetic, but the trouble is she has always thought a girl of sixteen should dress like a child. I had loads of middies and skirts, and sports clothes, but I was determined to have at least two summer evening dresses, and a pair of high-heeled slippers, instead of my old organdie and those

IT'S SURPRISING HOW ARTISTIC PEOPLE MANAGE TO KEEP OUT OF HUMBLE TOIL. PAUL BROUGHT OUT HIS VIOLIN THE MINUTE UNCLE PHIL AND THE CHILDREN BEGAN CAPPING THE BERRIES

pink sandals that make me look twelve years old. At last Mother gave in. Father grumbled a good deal about me getting grown-up notions, and Pete took to calling my clothes "the trousseau." But, as I told you, that's the way this family is. They don't even *want* to be sophisticated.

Cousin Emmie lent me her bags. Being unmarried, her things are never scuffed up and shabby like Mother's, on account of constant use by children. Pete took me to the station. He said, "Have a good time, Cinderella!" And he shoved a box of candy into my hands. I really was touched. I didn't dream Pete would know enough to bring anyone a parting gift.

It was the first time I'd ever traveled anywhere by myself, or anywhere at all, for that matter. But I had read all those articles about etiquette in traveling in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, so I was not the least bit *gauche*. I said, "No, thank you," haughtily to the old man who offered me his *Literary Digest* to read. And I tipped the porter twenty-five cents twice, and in the diner I looked very bored as if I'd spent practically my whole life eating on trains—though I couldn't eat half I ordered because I was riding backward, and it sort of upset my stomach.

I got to Westgrove early next morning. With that name, I had pictured it looking different, but it was a lot like our station, yellow painted wood with a bare platform, and some sleepy looking Negroes lounging around. An oldish looking man came up and said, "I believe you must be my niece, Lucy Ellen Downing?" Then I knew he was Uncle Phil. My heart sank. In his picture, Uncle Phil wasn't exactly handsome, but he was, at least, young and spruce looking. I couldn't believe that this man, who was fat and short and needing a haircut, was the husband of Theresa Ward MacGregor. Life certainly is disappointing in some ways.

Illustrated by DORIS GABRIEL

Uncle Phil's car looked worse than ours, if anything. It was four miles to Middlefield farm, and it seemed ten, because I was so impatient to get there. At last we entered a gate by which hung a wrought iron sign that said, "Middlefield." We entered, and drove up through a wood lot full of very old catalpa trees in bloom. It looked lovely and romantic, and the house, when it came in view, was a big, old, rambling log house, very picturesque even if the roof was somewhat in need of repairs and the grass hadn't been cut in weeks.

My heart beat very hard when we got out, and my knees shook as I went up the walk. Someone flung open the door and came to meet me. I realized it must be Aunt Theresa. Her hair was bobbed and gray, and she had on horn-rimmed spectacles, and a faded smock, and straw sandals. She certainly didn't look like a goddess just then, but she had a charming smile. She kissed me on both cheeks, and then she held me by the shoulders and said, "Oh, how pretty you are, child! And how very young and charmed with life!" That last I didn't think exactly tactful, as I had pulled my hat down over one eye, and had flattered myself that I was looking rather sophisticated.

She led me into the house. "Phil and I and the youngsters have eaten. But Paul is a lazy brother—he has just got up—so you are here in time to keep him company for breakfast."

At that moment Paul came down the stairs, and I stood transfixed. Just the type I had always longed to meet! Tall and dark and sad looking, and so very handsome even in somewhat soiled slacks and an old sweater.

"Lucy," said Theresa, "this is Paul Adamson Ward. If that is too imposing as a name, just call him Paw." Paul smiled, a slow and charming smile. Then he bowed low and

kissed my hand. He really did, exactly like the movies, and not at all self-consciously. Can you imagine Pete Downing, or any of his friends, bowing from the waist and kissing a girl's hand like that? I made up my mind then that I'd bring up my sons abroad, if only so they can meet a girl as gracefully as Paul.

"Now for breakfast!" cried Theresa. "We are such farmers that we have butter and cream from our own cow, Fleurette, and eggs from our own white hens."

IT was really terribly romantic, eating on the terrace with Paul. Theresa brought us raspberries and cream. "Alas, my children," she said, "our supply of sugar is exhausted. I am forgetful, my dear, and not used to a country store four miles distant. But sugar is fattening, after all, and you two certainly do not want to grow fat." So we ate our raspberries and cream, and then drank our coffee without a grain of sugar. It's true I've tried to get Mother to serve coffee without sugar on special occasions, but just for breakfast, a little sugar, even if unfashionable, does decidedly improve the taste of things. The toast was scorched, and the eggs a trifle underdone, but the dishes were gay Italian pottery, and the napkins were hand embroidered. So I really enjoyed the breakfast very much.

I loved to hear Paul talk. He had such a foreign accent, and he didn't just talk about football games and things like that. He talked about books, and he repeated some poetry to me that was awfully inspiring. I don't just remember who wrote it, but I know it started off, "Dawn, a blood-stained panther, creeping from the fold of night." I wished then that I had memorized a few poems in our English class, to quote to him. But I couldn't think of a line except a part of *Excelsior*, and I felt sure Paul wouldn't care for that.

About the time we finished eating, the children came in, a boy and a girl about eleven years (*Continued on page 46*)



WHILE I WAS MILKING, HE LEANED ON THE BARS AND SANG A SWISS MILKING SONG TO ME

SUE



LITTLE BETJE WAS DRESSED LIKE HER MOTHER—IN WHITE CAP, FULL SKIRT, AND APRON



HAT a clattering and clumping! Sue's mother pulled back the crisp white curtains of the tiny cabin window, moved a pot of crimson tulips, and looked out. There, on the deck of the canal boat, Sue and Jan were clumping merrily in a Dutch dance, now swinging this way and that, with their hands on their hips, now slapping their knees and clapping their hands together, now jumping high into the air, and coming down on their wooden shoes with a tremendous thump. Sue's full skirts were billowing madly in the wind, the wings on her white cap blew across her cheeks, and her apron kept flying up and hiding her face completely. Jan's full black trousers pressed tightly against his sturdy legs, and his blue jacket flapped, showing the cerise blouse and silver buttons underneath. Once his fur cap blew off, and he and Sue chased it down the deck with shrieks of laughter, rescuing it just before it rolled into the water. Jan clapped it on his head again at a rakish angle, and caught Sue's hands, swinging her in a dizzy whirl, around and around and around.

But Sue was not so lucky. Off flew one of her wooden shoes, splash into the water! Jan seized the boat hook and deftly fished it out, then dodged about the boat with Sue after him, stumbling along with one wooden shoe and one red-stockinged foot.

Sue's mother turned to Jan's mother in the cabin where they had retreated from the cold spring wind. They laughed together over their knitting, and fell to talking of the time, many years ago, when Sue's mother had visited Jan's mother in her girlhood days, and they had sailed wooden shoes on the canals together, cradled their dolls in them, and made the kitten pull one about like a little sledge. And, of course, they had set their wooden shoes out on the hearthstone for good Saint Nicholas on Christmas Eve, along with wisps of straw, and yellow carrots

for his horse. They were delighted that their children were having such fun together now. Jan was a year or two older than Sue. He had been to school in England so that his English was perfect, with just the faintest of Dutch accents.

For days Sue had been longing to wear the Dutch costume that Jan's mother had given her. She had teased Jan to put on his, so this "dressing-up" was a hilarious celebration for the canal boat trip. In Amsterdam, of course, everybody dressed in conventional city clothes, but in the villages to which they were going, there would be many other Dutch boys and girls in native costume so that they would not feel conspicuous at all.

While Sue's shoe dried in the sun, she and Jan sat on top of the now horizontal mast, which was bent down against the cabin like a shut-up jackknife until they should get out into open waters where the sail could be hoisted. Meantime the boat chugged lazily along with a little motor. All that long bright morning they had loitered past low fields checkerboarded with yellow, scarlet and purple tulips, set in orderly rows. The water was so much higher than the land that they looked down on all the surrounding country. Jan explained that the Netherlands, Holland's real name, meant low lands, and he told Sue that all these fields had once been at the bottom of the sea, but that for centuries Holland had been patiently building dykes of earth and sand and straw about piece after piece of ocean, and then pumping out the water with windmills. Sue watched the wind turn the yellow and orange sails of the mills with new respect, as she realized that they were pumping and pumping constantly to keep the water from once more overflowing the tulip beds and the green pastures.

JAN told her that sometimes the dykes were broken, and then all the men and women and children rushed out to build them up again, filling bags with sand, piling up logs and stone, and even bringing their own straw mattresses to stuff the holes and hold back the threatening sea. He told her again the story she remembered having read in school, of how little

Peter saved Holland by first thrusting his finger into a hole in the dyke, then his arm, and then trying to stop the flow of water with his body, being rescued only when he was exhausted and almost frozen. It is a story that every school child, the world over, must know and love.

But sometimes there was no help for it, said Jan, and whole villages would be inundated and the people drowned, or rescued in boats from their red roofs, or chimney tops. At one time, during the siege of Leyden, the Dutch king broke the dykes and floated his warships right up to the walls to rescue the be-



GOES TO HOLLAND



leaguered city. Now great electric pumps have taken the place of windmills in many places, and more land is constantly being reclaimed from the sea for new gardens and more green pastures.

Sue was glad to see, however, that they still passed numbers of gaily painted red, blue, and green windmills beating their great arms against the sky. They passed also rows of pollarded trees, tall trunks with only a tuft of green at the top. Sometimes the road ran along the dyke, and automobiles raced by, entirely out of keeping with the slow movement of the clumsy canal boats. Now and then came a milk cart with shiny copper cans, drawn by a patient dog, while beside him walked the milkmaid, her skirts blowing in the wind. Sometimes the cart stopped at a door where the foaming milk was poured into the housewife's copper pans. Most amusing of all were the Dutch boys and girls, racing merrily along on bicycles, skirts and trousers ballooning in the wind, and clumsy wooden shoes going around and around on the whirling pedals. Sue thought they must be more skillful than she was at keeping their wooden shoes on. She told Jan she wouldn't be happy until she had tried riding a wheel in wooden shoes herself.

She loved the quaint villages with their step-roofed houses rising into peaks along the water front. Sometimes the houses were tall enough to make deep reflections in the canal, but sometimes only the top story with its bright front door opened on the top of the dyke, and the lower floors wandered down to the meadows behind. The houses were painted in the brightest colors: here, a green door opened into a red and white house; there, a blue and yellow house had a red roof; and always there were crisp curtains and pots of tulips or hyacinths in the windows.

Jan said he thought Holland must be the wettest country in the world, for not only was it full of lakes and rivers and canals, but it rained, or was foggy, much of the time. And as if they had not already enough water around them, the Dutch women kept throwing pails of it over their tiled floors, front steps, and even the cobblestones in the street, and they scrubbed and mopped and polished from morning until night. Sue thought she had never before seen such shining cleanliness as here in Holland. Even the rosy cheeks of the housewives looked polished and shining. She almost fell off the boat with excitement when she saw a plump maid standing on tiptoe to scrub a

Sue explores the waterways of tulip-land on a boat with colored sails, and is charmed with the low country

By HELEN PERRY CURTIS

tree trunk with a big brush, while her brother dipped the family chairs into the water, one by one, and solemnly rubbed them off again.

She never tired of watching fat Dutchmen with their hands in their pockets, and buxom housewives with their hands folded under their aprons, clattering over the cobblestones, and the roly-poly Dutch children toddling along in their big shoes. Jan told her that boys and girls dressed alike, in skirts and aprons, until they were four years old, and it was only by the kind of cap they (*Continued on page 30*)

Illustrated
by W. M.
BERGER



THE WIND TURNED THE YELLOW
AND ORANGE SAILS OF THE MILL

Romany Rides

BY DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON

Out of lost history,
Trailing bright mystery,
Romany rides;
Houseless and guestless,
Normal when restless
Like the drawn tides,
Flinging light song like a careless festoon,
Taking sweet ease through a long afternoon,
Off, at the last, to the Ruppeny moon,
Romany rides.

Gay their tradition—
Free of ambition
Romany rides;
A fire for the byway,
A horse for the highway,
And little besides;
Strangers alike to the desk and the plough,
Part of the past, yet at home in the Now,
Peddlers or showmen—but living, somehow—
Romany rides!



Decoration by REGINALD BIRCH

LEAVE IT TO LOFTY!

That's what Margie and the crowd did, and what Bushy was tempted to do until her better nature won out—in this new story by

EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

LOFTY RYDER—christened Edward Lofting—sat with his toes hooked over the rung of his chair, comparing a number of scribbled papers which strewed the desk before him. His brow was furrowed, and now and again he beat a meditative tattoo with his pencil upon the blotter. Unobserved, his younger sister, Bushy, approached from the rear, silencing the rather noisy cookie she had been in the process of crunching. She peered curiously over his shoulder.

"Two pounds of sausages," she read aloud. "Two loaves bread, twenty cents. Three sardines—"

Lofty swept his papers aside and glowered at her.

"Dear me," said Bushy, "I should have thought you were beyond that sort of sum! If two pounds of sausages cost forty-three cents, how many will it take to paper a room containing a hundred and ninety-seven cubic feet of water, if A works one hour, B works four days, and C doesn't work at all? I had those kind of problems long ago."

"Clever, aren't you!" remarked Lofty. "Well, I know a few sums, too. Edward L. Ryder plus Beatrice Ryder equals one too many. Subtract Beatrice and—"

"And you leave nothing!" jibed Bushy, annoyed by the use of her actual name, which she disliked for reasons known only to herself. "Well, then, has Mother turned the marketing over to you, or something?"

"S my own marketing," muttered Lofty.

Bushy abstracted the top-most paper from beneath her brother's poised pencil, and looked it over critically.

"Sausages, cocoa, hamburg, doughnuts, rolls—sounds like the grub for a hike, or something."

"It is," said Lofty. "If you must know, we're going up to Beacon Ridge next Saturday. Going to climb up to the observatory."

"Oh, boy!" cried Bushy. It was an expedition which she had long wanted to make, but as it involved a thirty-mile drive before the hill was reached, it was not a trip to be lightly undertaken.

"Oh, boy!" she repeated. "That's something like an idea! But this food's pretty dull," she added, scrutinizing the list again. "Crude, stupid stuff. Now I should suggest—"

"Larks' tongues and caviar, I suppose," said Lofty. "See here, my girl, you leave this to me."

But Bushy still grasped the paper which noted the amounts of the provisions Lofty proposed to supply.

"Only two pounds of sausages?" she demanded. "That doesn't seem to be much. Why, I can easily eat two



"STOP! THOSE DOUGHNUTS ARE COUNTED OUT,
LOFTY COMMANDED AS BUSHY HELPED HERSELF

whole pounds of sausages myself."

"Oh, indeed!" replied Lofty. "Well, you won't get the chance, so don't let that worry you."

The paper crackled in Bushy's hand. "You mean—I'm not going?" she asked, incredulous.

"This is strictly an adult party," said Lofty, tilting back his chair. "We are to be six. Jem Duncan, because of his car, and Roy Bennett, because of his—and the two Jarvis girls, and—"

"And Margie Olmsted and your own sweet self," Bushy put in disinterestedly. "I can guess. You can't say there isn't room—six of you, with two cars."

"Both of them roadsters, child," Lofty reminded her. "The rumbles will be needed for the grub and whatnot."

Bushy sighed noisily. "Silly, stuck-up creatures!" she mumbled. "Pretending to be grown up."

"Pert infant!" retorted Lofty. "Recollect that Jem is in college."

So he was; and, moreover, his roadster was a beautiful pale yellow,

and possessed a melodious chime siren. He had a right to be stuck-up, yet he wasn't; therefore Bushy admired him.

"Jem's years older than you are," she reminded her brother tartly. "You ought to be glad he notices you."

"In a moment, I shall notice *you* in a manner that will be both painful and humiliating," remarked Lofty.

Bushy scowled, and snatched the tapping pencil adroitly from between his fingers.

"Bacon," she wrote rapidly on a fresh piece of paper, "baked beans, cube steak, lettuce sandwiches, cocoa, pickles, gingerbread, apples to roast, marshmallows, maybe lemon pie—"

"See here!" cried Lofty. "Will you kindly leave this to me?"

Bushy threw down the pencil. "I will indeed, ungrateful serpent," she assured him.

Lofty tossed her jottings airily into the waste basket. After she had stalked out, he extracted the paper and studied it thoughtfully.

IN the ensuing days, Lofty took the job of provisioning his little picnic as hard as if it had been the outfitting of an expeditionary force. It seemed that it was to be a co-operative affair, and certain moneys must be collected from the other members of the party. Just how much provender could be purchased out of the funds at his disposal, and just how everything was to be apportioned, were problems that occupied much of Edward L. Ryder's spare time. Suggestions from his mother were met by a reassuring wave of the hand.

Illustrated by LESLIE TURNER

"Just leave it all to me," he would say. "I mean to have this thing right."

"Oh, let him do it," said Bushy gloomily to Mrs. Ryder. "Beacon Ridge," she added meditatively. "I do think they might have taken me along this time."

"I know it's hard lines," her mother sympathized, "but you have to remember that they think of you as infinitely younger. There are the six of them going—three boys and three girls. You wouldn't want to feel like an extra, would you?"

"I'd rather feel like an extra than what I feel like now," Bushy growled, kicking at the rug.

"The difference between thirteen and sixteen is an impossible gap, you see," Mrs. Ryder explained, for the millionth time. "When you're twenty-three and they're twenty-six, there won't be any difference at all."

"When I'm twenty-three, I probably won't want to climb Beacon Ridge," Bushy objected. "I'll probably want to sit by the fire and crochet."

Mrs. Ryder swallowed hard, and advised Bushy to go out and rush up and down the Boulevard or something, to cool off. She did so, and had the misfortune to meet Lofty, returning from the corner grocery laden with packages.

I'LL help you carry them," she volunteered sweetly—too sweetly—and proceeded to wrest some of the parcels from his grasp.

"None of that," Lofty commanded hastily. "Keep out of that bag, I tell you!"

"Just one," Bushy suggested, setting her teeth in a doughnut. "I might have just one, seeing that I'm not going. It'll probably rain to-morrow, anyway, so all the stuff will be wasted and we might as well eat it now."

"It'll probably do nothing of the kind," Lofty said. "Look at the sky—not a cloud. Feel the wind—west. Hey, stop! Those doughnuts are all counted out."

"How fearfully stingy!" said Bushy, resolutely closing the bag. "You mean you're only allowing them one apiece, or something? If I were running a thing like this, I'd see that everybody had plenty of stuff. I would say sociably, 'Friends, fall to! Owing to my princely generosity, the grub is unlimited!'"

"Oh, would you?" Lofty returned. "Well, my princely generosity has nothing to do with this. I had a certain amount of cash—everybody's cash—and I've tried to make it go as far as possible. Leave it to me, can't you?"

"Certainly," said Bushy, at once depositing in the middle of the sidewalk the bundles she had been carrying. Lofty, gathering them up with some difficulty, did not so much as spare a glance for her retreating figure.

Early the next morning, which—despite Bushy's predictions—dawned bright and clear, the famous provisions were all assembled on the table in the kitchen vestibule. The cook was busy pouring hot cocoa into thermos bottles. Lofty was much preoccupied transferring things from bags, bundles, and the refrigerator, to the baskets and ruck-sack destined to bear them to Beacon Ridge in the rumble of Roy Bennett's car. Bushy hovered near by, sharply eying each article as it made its appearance.

"Bacon," she checked off, "baked beans. Ah—cube steak! Lettuce sandwiches, doughnuts, gingerbread, apples to roast—yes, and a superb lemon pie. Hm! It seems that my suggestions were carried out, after all."



"I had reached the same decisions myself," Lofty informed her. "Those notes you saw were tentative, merely tentative."

"Whatever that means," Bushy said, with a shrug. "Merely dumb, I should say. Hullo—all that tooting must be Roy, already!" She went to the dining room window. "Margie with him," she added.

Lofty caught up his windbreaker and rushed out.

"Ah!" he cried heartily. "On the dot! Good work. Say, Margie, I like that red jacket—it's keen. Looks warm, too—we'll need warm stuff. I'm going in this car; plenty of room for the three of us in front, eh, Roy? Rumble's a mean cold ride, this time of year. Oh, yes—all the room in the world. This is great!"

LOFTY, babbling delightedly, had climbed in beside the scarlet-coated Margie, and slammed the door. Once there, he seemed disposed to stay and discuss the day's plans, rather than begin stowing the food in the rumble—as Bushy, watching from the window, thought he might better be doing.

"Here comes Jem," Roy Bennett announced, as a melodic horn prefaced the arrival of a long, pale yellow road-



LONG LOOKS PASSED AMONG THEM AS JEM BROUGHT A DOUBLE SURPRISE

ster. "Hullo—the Jarvis gals aren't with him! That's funny."

"They live right around the corner, you know," Lofty said. "They're to run over on foot and meet us here."

But no Jarvises put in an appearance. Jem got out and talked to the other three, who remained snugly packed in Roy's old car. There was a great deal of laughter.

"Well," Lofty said at last, "I think we three might as well push off and get a start. You'll be coming right along, Jem—and, anyway, you can go around this old crate in circles."

"Old crate, hey?" shouted Roy, punching Lofty.

"Right!" agreed Jem. "If they don't come in a minute, I'll step over and see where they are."

Roy's engine set up a deafening racket, and with three jolting hops and a parting backfire, the roadster shot off in the general direction of Beacon Ridge. Bushy gaped unbelievably after it. She rushed out into the kitchen vestibule to make sure. There sat the precious lunch, large as life.

"Leave—it—to—Lofty!" said Bushy slowly. "Well! He's left it, all right—all right. Suffering hoptoads! Before I'd let any old girl make me forget food. Oh, the poor, forsaken

dumb-bell! Oh, my everlasting stars, this is astonishing!"

Bushy's first impulse was to gloat. She gloated all over the empty kitchen for at least five minutes.

"I could tell Jem," she reflected. "Of course he could easily take it in his car—but I won't tell him. No, it'll serve them right for being so snippy. Let them starve! Yes, starve—and their bones will all whiten slowly on top of Beacon Ridge. And I sha'n't care. No sir, I sha'n't! I'll just stay here, and eat—and eat—and eat. Specially the lemon pie," she added musingly.

BUSHY sniffed experimentally at the basket. Too bad for Margie Olmsted to starve; she just couldn't help liking Margie. Margie wasn't so snippy, at that. She apparently hadn't forgotten what a short time ago she had been thirteen herself. Really, Margie's only fault was that she persisted in liking Lofty, for some obscure reason. Kind of too bad for Margie's bones to whiten—but she must be sacrificed, all to serve Lofty right.

Bushy moved grimly back to the dining room window. Jem Duncan was standing with one foot on the running board of his lovely yellow roadster, impatiently looking at his wrist watch. He was tall and handsome and twenty, and the roadster was too beautiful for words. As Bushy watched him, he gave a final look down the street and then started afoot toward the nearby Jarvis house. Bushy marched back determinedly in the direction of the lemon pie.

Meanwhile, Roy Bennett's old rattletrap rattled merrily along the highroad. The head start was maintained, and mile after mile brought no sign of Jem and his party. Lofty conversed brilliantly with Margie and paraded his cleverest witticisms with a deep sense of well-being and satisfaction. When there was not more than five miles to go before coming in sight of Beacon Ridge, topped by its observatory, Roy turned the talk to practical considerations.

"Leave it to me," said Lofty. "I have mapped out a tentative schedule for the expedition. We'll get a fire going right away—then eat—and then—"

But his sentence remained unfinished. Margie, turning to look at him, saw the strangest, glassy vacancy come into his eyes. His jaw sagged a little. His color seemed to drain away.

"Er—uh—everything riding all right behind?" he muttered, twisting suddenly to kneel on the seat and peer back into the rumble. "This dumb old wreck of yours bounces so, Roy."

With the exception of a jack, one skid chain, a piece of tarpaulin, a pair of dirty white sneakers, and three venerable tennis balls, the rumble, of course, was empty. Totally empty, so far as Lofty was concerned. He writhed farther, and reached to lift the bit of tarpaulin with the faint hope that it might conceal what he knew all too well was not beneath it, but on the kitchen table twenty-five miles away.

"Lofty, do sit down," Margie begged. "Must you do that? Your knee is right in my ribs."

Lofty squirmed back into the seat and gazed fixedly ahead. "O, all ye patron saints of good picnickers," he pleaded inaudibly, "O, put that lunch into Jem's car! Inspire Jem to find out who was to bring it!"

Already the pangs of hunger had begun to assail Lofty; he could imagine that his companions also might be feeling them. A stiff climb up and down Beacon Ridge, the long ride home—why, they'd all be reduced to skeletons by then. The lunch—the glorious, well- (Continued on page 43)



The Sports of Yesteryear
V - BICYCLING IN THE NINETIES

by Orson Lowell

WHERE IS SYLVIA?

The stealthy opening of a door in the dead of night plunges the Colby household into a mysterious and frightening adventure in the search for Sylvia

By MARGUERITE ASPINWALL

Illustrated by HARVÉ STEIN

PART FIVE

NOW Judy could see the door opening. The darkness of the hall outside was several shades less black than the darkness of her room, and the slowly widening crack showed as a vague, grayish oblong.

The door squeaked once, faintly but unmistakably, and at the sound Karen screamed—a high, ear-splitting scream that echoed sharply through the sleeping house.

Instantly the widening gray crack at the door remained stationary. There was a light thud of either bare, or rubber-soled feet retreating in haste down the uncarpeted hall, and something—or somebody—fell heavily from the landing—bumpetty-bump from step to step—down the whole lower half of the curved staircase to the front hall.

The door of the bedroom where Randy and Richard slept burst open, and Judy and Karen could hear the boys' excited voices.

"What's up?"

"Who screamed?"

The hall lights upstairs and down snapped on. Mrs. Colby came running from her room, and upstairs Jerry and Sallie Slade must also have been roused by Karen's scream, for scurrying feet could be heard moving about overhead.

By the time the two girls had pulled on wrappers and slippers, and appeared at their own door, Richard was halfway downstairs, an Indian club swinging wildly in one hand, and Randy had already disappeared kitchenward.

"Hi, Ritch, he went out this way," Randy's voice came back to them excitedly. "Pantry window's open, and there are marks in the snow on the sill."

Then Jerry Slade came down from the third floor, taking three steps at a time, his blond hair rumpled, and his eyes eager. Behind him Sallie, in a woolly blue bathrobe, hurried as fast as her much shorter legs would permit. A few moments later the whole household, including the young Slades, were gathered in the pantry.

The window that gave on the back yard was wide open, and the mounded snow on the sill had been brushed away where someone had forced himself through the narrow aperture.

Muddy tracks on the neatly scrubbed linoleum of the floor showed where short, fairly broad feet had tracked the



THE PANTRY WINDOW GIVING ON THE BACK YARD WAS OPEN, AND THE SNOW ON THE SILL WAS BRUSHED AWAY

The Story So Far

Judy Tremain comes to New York to stay with her relatives, the Colbys. In the subway, she and her cousins, Karen and Richard Colby, and Randy Mason, find a billfold containing the name "Sylvia Mason," three dollars, an address, a snapshot of an attractive girl, and a letter (returned by the post office) addressed to a Doctor Robert Mason in Philadelphia. Randy jokingly claims the unknown Sylvia as a relative, and they attempt to return the billfold, discovering that Sylvia had lost her job, and her landlady had turned her out. Determining to find her, they advertise, and are visited by a Major Wade to whom Sylvia's uncle, now in China, has entrusted a jade Buddha for his niece. Major Wade does not know where the girl is. He has a heart attack and is taken to a hospital, leaving the Buddha with the Colbys, who put it in a safe in Judy's room. Next day more clues develop. Emmaline West, an office friend of Sylvia, telephones, but doesn't know her whereabouts; a Chinaman pretends to answer a non-existent advertisement for a butler; a Chinaman, posing as Major Wade's valet, tries to enter his hotel room in his absence; and Randy learns that Sylvia herself has called at the publishing house where he works (seeking her uncle's address in China, which his firm has not) and has gone, without leaving her own address. That night Judy and Karen, sleeping together, are awoken by the stealthy opening of their bedroom door.

snow in, earlier. The tracks had partly dried, which proved, so Ritchie pointed out, that the visitor had entered by this same window, possibly an hour or more before.

Mrs. Colby shivered. "Does that mean," she gasped, "that this person, whoever he was, has actually been in this house for over an hour, prowling about?"

"Looks like it, Mrs. Colby," Jerry Slade said gently. "But he's gone now, and he certainly hasn't hurt anyone here. Let's fasten up this window securely, and then Ritch and Randy and I will go all over the house, and see if anything's been taken."

"He fell most of the way downstairs, trying to get away," Richard chuckled. "Did you see the hall rug? It had slid over to the front door."

"But who *was* he?" Karen asked. She was still pale, and her blue eyes looked very big, and childishly round.

"I know," Judy said with decision. "Now don't all laugh for I can't prove anything, but I'm sure in my own mind it was that old Chinese, looking for the jade Buddha again."

Richard started a derisive hoot, when a sudden glance at Randy's face stopped him short.

"I wouldn't be—surprised," Randy said slowly, "if Judy's right."

Richard said, in protest, "But—Randy—"

LOOK," Randy interrupted him, gesturing toward the window. "Look at the size of that window, please. No one but a boy, or a very small, thin man could possibly have wriggled through. And you remember that Chinaman was unusually small even for his race, Ritchie."

Richard nodded, in a slightly dazed fashion. "Gee," he said. "Say, Randy, that Buddha must be worth—real money."

To this Randy made no reply. He and Jerry Slade were already in the adjoining dining room, checking over the silver on the buffet.

"Cousin Fran," he called presently, "everything seems to be jake here, but I wish you'd cast your eye over things. I'm not sure how many of everything there ought to be."

Mrs. Colby, however, after a careful scrutiny of the contents of the silver drawers, announced that nothing was missing.

It was the same all through the rest of the house. They even went up to the Slades' apartment, and searched anxiously for traces of a possible robbery, but found none. Last of all, Randy and Richard climbed to the artist's quarters at the top of the house, and knocked him awake—he confessed ruefully, later, that he was the world's champion sleeper. He had heard none of the night's excitement, not even Karen's blood-curdling scream.

But he, too—when he was finally awake, and had heard the boys' tale—could report nothing missing, or in any way disturbed.

Finally everyone found themselves, quite without having planned it, in Sallie Slade's cosy living room. After Jerry had touched a match to the log fire laid ready for kindling, Sallie brought out a big saucepan of milk and, kneeling on the hearth, made hot cocoa for them all.

"Now," she said, when she and Jerry had passed the generous, steaming cups, "one of you will simply have to tell us all about this mysterious Chinaman and the jade Buddha, if you don't want to see us curl up and die out of sheer curiosity."

So the story had to be told again, and if it sounded in-

credibly fantastic, with Karen and Judy and Randy and Richard all breaking in, in turn and together, with such parts of it as seemed particularly important at the moment, at least the Slades had to admit, with mounting enthusiasm, it made a very good story indeed.

"I wish we could have a peep at that little Buddha," Jerry said wistfully. "Wouldn't this make a corking yarn for the paper, Sallie, if we could only get a few proved facts to hang it on?"

And Sallie, green eyes dancing with interest, admitted it certainly would and, furthermore, she would like to be the person privileged to write it.

"Jerry, old dear," she burst out, "we haven't been on our toes enough about this thing. We should have got some of the boys to dig out the accident files, and the police reports, and see if anything has happened to a girl answering to this Sylvia's description. She might be in a hospital somewhere."



"Oh, Sallie, you don't think anything has!" Karen wailed. Sallie tumbled Karen's already rumpled curls with a contrite hand.

"Karen honey, I didn't mean to sound so brutal," she said in real distress. "When you're working on a paper, everything gets to seem just a story to you, and not—well, not flesh and blood people you'd be sorry for, ordinarily. *Gracious!*" she added in a different tone, cocking her red head to startled attention. "What was that?"

From somewhere downstairs there sounded the unexpected, sharp slamming of a door.

Everyone jumped to his or her feet.

"It's the Chinaman back," Judy shivered, and clutched at Randy's coat sleeve.

"Nonsense," Richard said, chuckling. "He wouldn't come back quite so noisily, would he? That was the back stairs door. We left it open, I remember, after we'd searched the halls, and there's always a draft blowing down those stairs at night when the windows up here are open."

They relaxed at that, grinning a little shamefacedly.

"I think," Mrs. Colby announced, "it's time we went back to bed. Look at that clock, children—half-past three!"

What was left of the night passed uneventfully.

Everybody looked a little heavy-eyed and weary at the breakfast table in the morning. But they all roused to renewed animation when, just before they left the table, the expected telephone call came from Sylvia's office friend, Emmaline West.

It was Karen who talked to her this time. It wasn't a long conversation, and Karen came back to the breakfast table flushed and rather breathless with triumph.

"I've got it. Mrs. David Dixon—West One Hundred Nineteenth Street. That's over near the river, isn't it? And

vegetable stalls. Later she took a long walk by herself, exploring the shopping section of Fifth Avenue between Thirty-fourth and Fifty-seventh Streets.

Of course she longed for a hundred gay things in the shop windows—any girl who loved beautiful clothes and accessories, and who had lived most of her life in a small Maryland country town, must have found those windows sheer enchantment—but even they could not distract her thoughts long from the afternoon's visit to Mrs. Rosalie Burns Dixon.

Would the tantalizing riddle of Sylvia really be solved by dinner time—the billfold and the jade Buddha handed over to their rightful owner, and the thrilling news of the waiting job broken to her?

In her impatience, Judy set out so early for her meeting with the twins that she had half an hour to kill, and she walked round and round the block before they were free.

But three o'clock came at last, and the trio took an uptown subway local, got off at the One Hundred and Sixteenth Street station, and walked north three blocks, and west two.

The number they were looking for was a small walk-up apartment house, and in the rows of brass letter boxes in the vestibule, they quickly located the name of Dixon—third floor, west—and pushed the button.

Promptly the front door latch clicked an invitation to enter, and Richard pushed it open, motioning Judy and his sister in ahead of him.

They climbed two flights of rather dark stairs, and found a pretty young woman in a sealskin coat and black felt hat with a jaunty orange feather, waiting for them on the landing.

The door to the apartment stood open behind her, and she had evidently either just returned, or was about to go out when their unexpected arrival had caught her.

She peered at them in the dim light on the landing with a touch of curiosity, and Karen made haste to introduce themselves and their errand.

At the mention of Sylvia Mason's name, and Karen's reference to the lost billfold, the girl—for she didn't look much more—gave a startled cry, and throwing the apartment door wider, begged them to enter.

"How awfully nice that you found it!" she said in a friendly voice that made a pleasant impression on her three visitors.

Judy said breathlessly, "Then you've seen her—since!"

Mrs. Dixon's warm little face sobered swiftly. "I'll say I have! When that miserable woman put her out of her room, she had three dollars and twenty-five cents to face the city. And she lost her billfold that same day—she doesn't know where. That was Thursday afternoon late—nearly dinner time."

"Thursday," Richard said, astonished. "And we found it Saturday—shows how carefully those subway steps are swept, doesn't it?"

Mrs. Dixon said quickly, "You found it in the subway?" There were tears in her eyes. "Sylvia came right up here in the subway to ask if I could take her in for the night. As, of course, I would have been thrilled to do. Only as luck would have it, my husband and I had gone out to his mother's in Jersey that particular night, and I didn't get home till the next morning. So there was no one in the apartment. She took the subway back to the Pennsylvania Station—that left her with only fifteen cents, and she sat up all night in the ladies' waiting room, pretending to the matron that she'd missed her train (*Continued on page 49*)



"SO AM I LOOKING FOR HER," HE SAID UNEXPECTEDLY, SEATING HIMSELF AT HIS DESK

Emmaline said she hasn't a telephone, so we'll have to go to see her. Bother school—we ought to go to-day." She turned appealing eyes on her mother, who shook her head with smiling emphasis.

"Judy can meet you at school at three o'clock," Mrs. Colby suggested. "That will give you plenty of time to go up there before dinner."

"Richard will go, too, of course," Karen acquiesced, glancing at her twin. "But it's mean to go without you, Randy. I suppose there's no chance of your getting off before five."

NOTHING doing," Randy said promptly. "Not on top of that raise. I'll hear the news at dinner, thank you. And don't forget," he cautioned her, "this Dixon woman may not have kept in touch with Sylvia, after all."

Karen admitted this with a little shrug that said she still hoped for the best, however.

She added careful instructions as to where Judy was to meet Richard and herself that afternoon.

After they had gone, the morning seemed to the impatient Judy to drag on leaden feet. She went to market with Mrs. Colby, and was delighted with the fruit and

IN THE MERRY MOON

Girl Scouts exert themselves to health—on it, and by digging it.



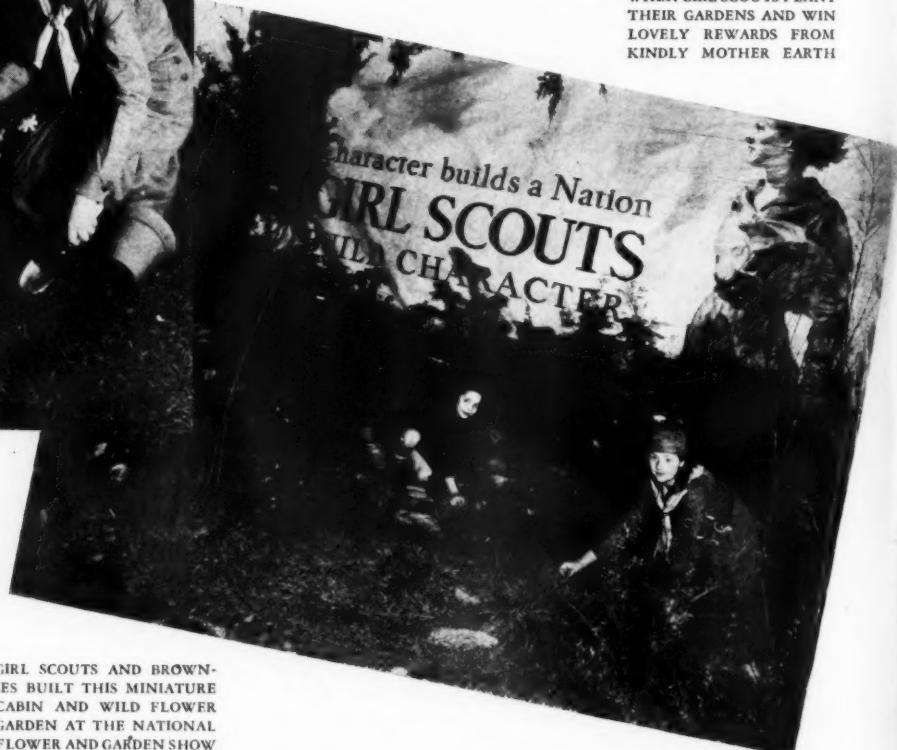
Photograph by Ruth Nichols

GIRL SCOUTS OF TROOP SIX, DULUTH, MINNESOTA OFF FOR A HAPPY EXPEDITION ON THEIR BICYCLES, PREPARATORY TO RECEIVING THEIR WELL-EARNED AND COVETED CYCLIST BADGES



TWO GIRL SCOUTS FROM NEW YORK CITY DISPLAY THE NEW GOLDEN EAGLET MARIGOLDS AT THE ANNUAL FLOWER SHOW HELD IN GRAND CENTRAL PALACE, NEW YORK, EVERY SPRING

PANSIES FOR THOUGHTS—SPRING THOUGHTS, TOO—WHEN GIRL SCOUTS PLANT THEIR GARDENS AND WIN LOVELY REWARDS FROM KINDLY MOTHER EARTH



GIRL SCOUTS AND BROWNIES BUILT THIS MINIATURE CABIN AND WILD FLOWER GARDEN AT THE NATIONAL FLOWER AND GARDEN SHOW IN OMAHA, NEBRASKA

MONTH OF MAY

s expand the highways
on it, on bicycles,
giving the good earth



IN RAPT CONSIDERATION
THIS YOUNG GARDENER
STUDIES THE INSTRU-
CTIONS ON THE SEED PACK-
AGES BEFORE SHE BEGINS
PLANTING HER FLOWERS



A WALNUT TREE FROM
ARLINGTON CEMETERY
PUTS ITS ROOTS DOWN
IN NEW SOIL. SCOUTS
OF MINNEAPOLIS, MINN-
ESOTA HOLD A TREE
PLANTING CEREMONY
ON THEIR FIELD DAY



TAKING CARE OF BABY SIS-
TER IS LOTS OF FUN WHEN
SHE LOOKS UP WITH A WIDE
AND TOOTHLESS SMILE OF
DELIGHTED APPRECIATION



Photograph by Ruth Nichols

BROWNIES OF TROOP
FOUR, SANTA BARBARA,
CALIFORNIA STREW POP-
PY SEEDS AROUND THE
BASE OF THE CROSS OF
FATHER JUNIPERO SER-
RA IN FRONT OF THE
OLD SPANISH MISSION

NO DULL MOMENTS in SCOUTING



TROOP ELEVEN OF GREENFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS READY TO START ON A FIVE-DAY BICYCLE TRIP

NO WONDER FACES ARE MERRY IN THIS PICTURE, WITH BIKES ALL READY TO START OFF AS SOON AS THE CAMERA CLICKS



A BICYCLE TRIP

GREENFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS: The five-day bicycle trip to Mount Monadnock, planned by the Girl Scouts and leaders of Troop 11, had been long and impatiently anticipated by us. Toward afternoon on the day when we were to start, our spirits were dampened by hovering dark clouds, which were sure signs of rain, but even this did not prevent us from appearing at Greenfield High School at four o'clock, clad in blue suits and white sailor hats. Our equipment was immediately put into the two cars which were to precede us and reconnoiter a camp site. As the cars drove away, the newspaper man took our pictures, after which we started on our journey.

As soon as we reached the outskirts of Greenfield, it started to rain. Immediately, we donned our ponchos and continued on, for it looked as if we were in for a real storm. At about six o'clock, we arrived at our destination, a large white farmhouse. We put our cots in the barn, and after resting awhile, we ate supper in the farmhouse.

We went to our sleeping quarters, to find that we were to have a bull, a calf, and some chickens for roommates. But we went to sleep very quickly, although two girls sleeping in the hay found it difficult because of the mice. At three in the morning, we were awakened by the bull's snorting and kicking in his stall, which showed very plainly that he didn't like our company. The feeling was mutual. After two hours of giggling and exchanging remarks, we finally dozed off.

At seven o'clock the chickens were cackling, so we finally mustered enough courage to get out of bed. Finishing breakfast, we left the farm in two groups. Knowing we had a hard climb before us, we went along easily at first. When we reached the difficult stretch, it was impossible to ride, the hills were so steep. As we reached the top of one hill, two observant girls saw a fox disappear into the woods.

After resting, we continued to the outskirts of Winchester, where we ate lunch in a beautiful pine grove. Finally reaching the farmhouse where we were to stay, we set up cots and had a good time swimming and rowing.

That evening, since everyone was tired, we retired early. We all awoke early and went for a swim before breakfast. Later in the morning, we found a boat which served as a diving board. After lunch, we went on to Fitzwilliam where we pitched our tents.

Thursday dawned a beautiful day, and so one group, consisting of those who had seen Mount Monadnock, went to Laurel Lake, while the other drove to the halfway house on the mountain.

Leaving the halfway house, we climbed to the summit. At the



THE CONSECUTIVE RINGS ON AN OLD TREE STUMP REVEAL ITS AGE TO GIRL SCOUTS

OUR STAR REPORTER

Don't forget that the best news report on Girl Scout activities is published in this space each month. The writer, who is the Star Reporter of the month, receives a book as an award. For the Star Reporter's Box, your story should contain no less than two hundred words, no more than three hundred. It should answer the questions: What was the event? When did it happen? Who took part? What made it interesting?

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA: December first saw the Northwest District Girl Scouts turn out in full force, despite rain, for participation in a nature project. Mrs. Helen Swartzman, Field Captain, led the large group over the trail, laid out by Mrs. Hershey Thomas, naturalist. The trail started at the Girl Scout Little House, Wakefield Mansion. Our first point of interest was a large stump. The tree was two hundred and seven years old when it was cut down. The age was determined by a group of Girl Scouts who counted the rings formed by each year of growth.

Along the trail we saw a number of old nests of the tent caterpillar. At one point we could look across an open space to where the large brick buildings of La Salle College stood against the sky. Our path led past some rock gardens which, though they are beautiful in the spring and summer, now presented a forlorn face to us. We could still recognize some of the plants in these gardens. The Iris was easily identified by its characteristic foliage.

Part of our trail led down Broad Street past the Widener Memorial School. Along this busy street, we could see the effect of the exhaust gases of automobiles on the growth of trees. All the trees on Broad Street are stunted because of the carbon monoxide from automobile exhausts.

Just when our feet were becoming a little weary we received a welcome message. One of our girls told us, by means of the wig-wag code, that we were to report to the Mount Zion Methodist Episcopal Church for refreshments. Here we were treated to cocoa and cookies provided by the Scouts of the Widener Memorial Industrial School.

Grace Alice Monroe, Troop 173



THE NEW GOLDEN EAGLET MARIGOLDS AS DISPLAYED BY A NEW YORK GIRL SCOUT



FIRST AID TO THE INJURED. SAFETY FIRST IS A SOUND PRINCIPLE, BUT IN EMERGENCIES GIRL SCOUTS KNOW HOW TO GIVE FIRST AID



DANCERS IN THE FESTIVAL OF THE NATIONS. ACCOUNT BELOW



summit house, we recorded our names in the book of visitors, and then ate our lunch in a hollow out of the strong wind. After viewing the scenery and taking pictures, we descended the mountain. Arriving at the halfway house, we wrote letters until the cars arrived.

As soon as we reached camp, we changed into bathing suits and went for a refreshing swim in the beautiful waters of Laurel Lake.

After we returned to Camp Wiyaka, a large campfire was held at twilight, where we roasted marshmallows and sang. We retired early, to prepare for the long trip home the next day.

Sylvia Berger, Troop 11

AN INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO: A "Festival of Nations" was given by the Colorado Springs Girl Scouts, on April fifth of this year. There was no charge for admission. It was given in the City Auditorium, and was done purely to interpret and further the interests of Girl Scouting in the community. In spite of many other things going on the same evening, there was a large attendance and I received many calls from people who had not showed interest in Scouting before.

There was practically no cost to the Council or leaders. Some troops made their costumes at almost no cost. The troop that did the Indian dance made theirs from gunny sacks. It was carried out entirely in Indian fashion, the tom-tom being used instead of the orchestra, and it was one of the most impressive parts of the program. Some costumes were made from gym clothes, and the troop representing Scotland made gingham costumes which could later be used as dresses.

Leaders, troop committee members, Council members, and mothers all worked for the Festival—and without any of these groups, it could not have been the success that it was.

Each part of the program was carried out in the spirit of the country represented. The Indians danced to the tom-tom, gypsies to the music of their own violins, and the Scotch lassies to that of bag pipes.

Time was limited to three to five minutes for each troop. The entire program went off smoothly, and lasted an hour and a half.

During the Grand March, which opened the program, each troop carried the flag of the country it was representing and, at the end, remained standing until the Spirit of Scouting, attended by the Ten Laws, had entered and taken her place. All the dancing was done on the main floor, and before any nation gave its part of the program, one girl, chosen from the troop, took some token expressive of the nation, to lay at the feet of the Spirit of Scouting.

At the end of the program all the Scouts joined in a friendship circle, saluted the American flag, and closed with the international Scout song.

Loine Hanes, Local Director

A WONDERFUL TIME

WICHITA, KANSAS: "Slide your hand down on the handle, Mary."

"Mrs. Beuke! This wood is so tough I can't even dent it."

"I guess this is what you would call a chip off the old block."

These peculiar statements were not being uttered by inmates of an asylum, only by Troop Ten's woodcutters. This is the way it all happened:

At four-thirty, one Saturday afternoon, Troop Ten, Girl Scouts, started on an overnight camping trip to the cabin of one of the troop members. Arriving bag and baggage about five-thirty, we got settled and

then took our first lesson in woodcutting from Mrs. Beuke, our captain. After hacking up several logs, we decided that it was too dark, and so returned to the cabin for nosebag suppers. When not a crumb remained of the cookies that one member of the troop committee had kindly sent out, we went outside for campfire.

Some of the girls decided to sleep out-of-doors after proclaiming it a perfect night, but at exactly four-twenty-two A. M. we, who were sleeping inside, were rudely awakened by the others who had decidedly changed their minds. It was raining cats and dogs, and Mrs. Beuke and Jean Trentman had to go out and move the cars to higher ground. Jean was so sleepy that she ran out in the rain wearing hat, gloves, and pajamas. Finally everyone went back to bed for another nap, only to be awakened at six-thirty on Sunday morning by a noisy alarm clock.

We drove to church and then returned to the cabin for the rest of the day. During the morning the Second Class girls made maps while the First Class girls practiced the gentle art of woodcutting. Most of us learned, much to our sorrow, that sycamore, Osage orange, and ash are exceedingly tough; nevertheless we succeeded in constructing a washstand and seat by lashing. After consuming a delicious dinner furnished by the troop committee, we held a Court of Honor meeting while the other girls learned how to put up a poncho shelter. After ice cream bars and cake, we went home tired and dirty, but oh, so happy!

Hazel F. Adams, Local Director

SUE GOES TO HOLLAND

wore that one could tell which was which. Occasionally they passed a sturdy milkmaid with a wooden yoke across her shoulders from the ends of which hung two pails, and now and then a man with a bright cartload of tulips or cheeses.

But most of the vehicles were in the water. There were clumsy blue or green barges towed by horses plodding along the banks, squat sailboats with yellow or red sails furled about their prostrate masts. There were smartly polished little motor boats threading their way through the slower traffic and, occasionally, a rowboat, or ferry, crossing from side to side. Some of the barges were loaded with pots and baskets of bright tulips, some with yellow and orange cheeses like enormous oranges and grapefruit, some with piles of square peat blocks, some with logs for the saw mills, and one was a moving van piled with household furniture, and a goat tied in the bow. Here and there, on a clothesline, fluttered a colorful family wash. Before the cabins sat housewives, knitting, while around them played their children, and their numerous pets—terriers that bounced from one edge of the barge to the other, barking at everything in sight, and now and then a cat asleep in the sun.

Jan told Sue that many families lived on canal boats all the time, except for a few months of the year when the children are required by law to go to school, and that they cruised from Friesland in the north to Zeeland in the south, wandering through canals and rivers and inland seas. This sounded like a tremendous distance to Sue, from one end of the country to the other, but Jan told her that, on a clear day, one could see the entire land of Holland from the high tower of Utrecht in the center of the country, and that he had heard that Holland was no bigger than the States of Massachusetts and Connecticut together.

Sue watched with the greatest interest, whenever they came to a drawbridge, to see the toll man take toll in a wooden shoe let down on a string. Some of the smaller sailboats dipped their masts as they went under, while the helmsman pushed with a long pole. Where the bridge was narrow, the traffic was sometimes congested, and it needed skillful handling to steer the clumsy boats.

When finally they came into the Zuider Zee, the motor stopped and their mast sprang upright like an opening jackknife, sliding Sue and Jan unceremoniously to the deck. But when the great henna sail was raised, Sue leaped to her feet and spread her arms to the wind and sunshine. The bright blue water was alive with whitecaps, and the sails of the fishing boats leaned in the wind like so many diagonal yellow, red, and orange patches against the horizon. Above were white puffy clouds scudding before the wind. They saw Broek in the distance, and Sue remembered that Broek was where Hans lived in *Hans Brinker or the Silver Skates*. In the distance, too, they saw the island of Marken, visited by tourists from all over the world, where the people still wear their quaint Dutch costumes and carry out many of their early Dutch traditions.

At Volendam they furled their henna sails

and landed. By this time they were ravenously hungry, and Jan's mother, with a twinkle in her eye, said she would see what could be done about it. They swung briskly along the road at the top of the dyke, and stopped in front of a cottage painted bright blue and yellow, with a red door. Jan's mother pulled the polished brass knocker, and the door was opened by an apple-cheeked housewife.

"Did we surprise you, Katrina?" asked Jan's mother. "I have brought my good friends to see if you would give us some of your delicious fish and waffles for luncheon."

Katrina welcomed them eagerly to her little house. Until she married a Volendam fisherman, she had been a maid in Jan's mother's household, and while the young people were arranging their wooden shoes in a neat row on the front door step, she ran to a high cupboard and brought out Jan's

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

Jan pointed out that here was the whole house in one room, a dining table and chairs before the fireplace, a high shelf where the good man kept his pipes and cans of tobacco, a basket with Katrina's knitting, a cupboard full of blue and white china and, half showing behind a sliding panel, the down quilts and embroidered linen of a huge bed. Above it was a smaller bed, built into the wall, and it was not until this moment that Sue saw a fat round cheek and a chubby hand above the coverlet. At the same moment she heard a contented gurgle, and Katrina let her climb up and lie down an adorable baby. Little Betje was dressed like her mother in a white cap, full skirt, and an apron, and when she stood her up on her little feet, she went walking off like an animated Dutch doll, clutching at the furniture, and occasionally sitting down suddenly among her plump petticoats.

While Sue was still following little Betje about, Katrina called them to the table and laid out before them the fresh caught fish, fried a delicate brown, a bowl of *kaas*, or fresh cheese, and a pile of rolls. While she ate, Sue could not help watching Katrina as she bent over the fire with her long-handled waffle iron. By the time they were ready, there were crisp golden waffles. With a final hug for little Betje, whom Sue would have loved to take home with her, they thanked Katrina for their luncheon and went back to the boat.

All afternoon they sailed along the shore watching the fishermen come in, the motor boats fly by on pressing business, and an occasional pleasure yacht with white sails go skimming over the blue water. Their own henna-colored sail caught all the wind and sunshine, and Sue could hardly bear to think that sometime she must be a landlubber again. Gradually the wind died down, the sun sank lower and lower, and it was almost twilight when they saw Hoorn rising from the sea like an enchanted city of the East, with its spires and harbor towers. Sue wondered if they could ever enter the elusive harbor, which seemed to be entirely cut off by a long green strip of land, but they found the opening at last and glided into port while the sunset gilded the houses.

In the early dusk they walked through the town along the main canal, where the facades of the step-roofed houses seemed to be leaning forward as if to see their own reflections in the canal. On the side streets were enchanting rows of gay little houses, bright in color and much more frivolous than the dark and stately mansions which they had just passed. They wandered about this picturesque village until dark, watching the lights come out in the windows and the little boats come home to rest. At last they stopped at a brightly lit café where they had oysters, stewed duck with apricots, topped off with cheese and the hard cake which is typical of Hoorn. Jan said he had been in Hoorn once for the Kermis (the fair), when each comer had been allowed to take only as much cake as he could chop off with a hatchet, and sometimes the would-be buyer had to go away empty handed. Back in the



A DUTCH LIVING ROOM WITH TILED FIREPLACE AND FLOOR, AND BEAMED CEILING

boat again, Sue and the two mothers slept in bunks in the cabin, while Jan rolled up in a blanket on deck and slept soundly until morning.

The next day, bright and early, they had "little breakfast"—coffee, rolls, and jam—in the cabin. Then the boat went wandering off through the canals, bound for Alkmaar. All along the way they passed clumsy barges laden with cheeses, and along the dykes they saw horse-drawn and dog-drawn carts going in the same direction, and all carrying loads of cheese. Sue told Jan that she would never be able to look a cheese in the eye again, she had seen so many all at once. But Jan only laughed and said, "Wait until you get to Alkmaar."

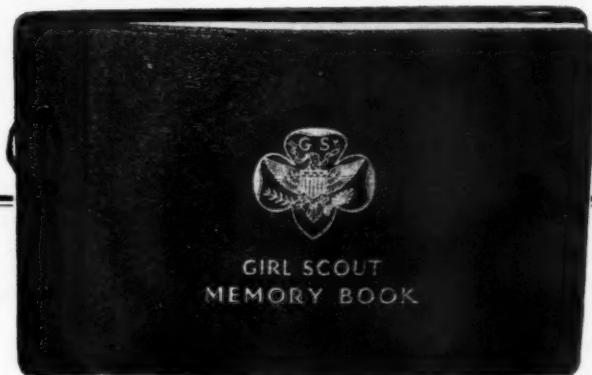
Halfway through the morning they stopped to visit Jan's friend, Peter, in a farmhouse where Jan said they kept the hay in the attic and the cows lived on the first floor. As they came near it along the canal, Jan whistled shrilly on his fingers, a special signal that only Peter knew, and suddenly Peter himself appeared, rushing up to the dyke, all puffing and breathless. Nothing would do but that they should all come in for "second breakfast." Sue's mouth fairly watered at the thought, and she could hardly believe her eyes when Peter showed her the cow house, a great tiled room on the first floor where milkmaids were scrubbing the floors, crisp curtains hung in the windows, and flower boxes were all about. Even the mangers were made of colored tiles, and the great room was fragrant with the smell of hay and milk. She looked out of the door to where dozens of black and white cattle grazed in the meadows, and Peter told her that even the cows were frequently scrubbed from head to foot. She thought she wouldn't mind living in the cow house herself, it was so gay and clean.

Now a bell called them to breakfast, this time in a beamed room with heavily carved furniture and more beautiful tiles. The table was set with blue and white Delft china, and loaded with sausages, pancakes, jams, and steaming hot coffee, as well as glasses of milk. Sue wondered if she could eat six big meals a day as the Dutch did. Little breakfast, second breakfast, lunch, tea, early dinner, and late supper. She knew she was getting plumper by the minute, and wished she might keep right on living in Holland where plumpness was considered beautiful, and dresses were designed to accommodate curves. As they were finishing breakfast Jan whispered to Peter who disappeared and reappeared again playing an accordion—such a gay tune that Jan pulled Sue to her feet and whirled her around again in a gay Dutch dance. And when they finally took their leave, Peter stood on the bank and played for them until their boat had disappeared around a bend in the canal.

As they came closer to Alkmaar the canals were crowded with more and more cheese-laden boats, and Jan told Sue that on Thursdays all the cheeses were brought in from the country for the Friday market. They watched as the boatmen threw their golden balls to be deftly caught by the porters on shore, who were wearing white uniforms and gaily ribboned caps.

Suddenly Jan clutched Sue by the hand, leaped with her to the dock, and pulled her along to where a crowd of people stood on a bridge, looking up. Sue looked, too. As the bell in the (*Continued on page 33*)

for GRADUATION—



GIRL SCOUT GIFTS

THE GIRL SCOUT MEMORY BOOK will be a safe refuge for Commencement treasures as well as for the Girl Scout souvenirs you have been saving.

11-612 Memory Book \$1.00

THE PEN AND PENCIL SET, in mottled green with gold-filled bands and clips with the trefoil, has been especially designed for Girl Scouts. The pen point is 14 karat gold.

11-761 Pen and Pencil Set, boxed \$2.00

THE GIRL SCOUT PENCIL is the automatic type, with the trefoil engraved on it in gold. It makes the perfect "tiny" gift for graduation.

11-754 Girl Scout Pencil \$.35

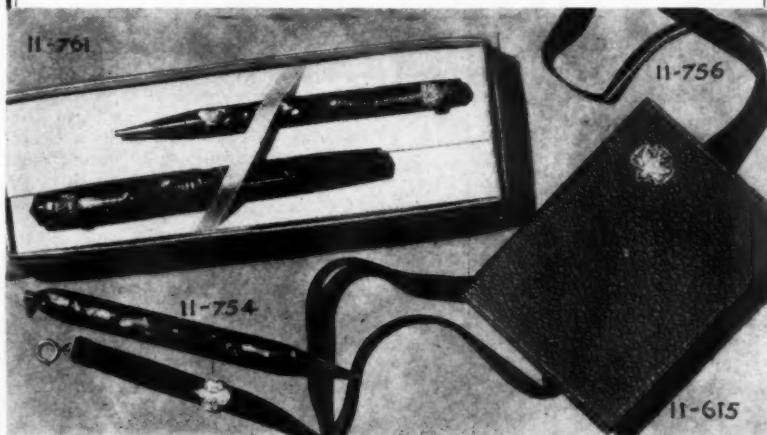
A SAUTOIR, with a gilt trefoil slide for the black grosgrain ribbon, is "something different"—and so useful!

11-756 Girl Scout Sautoir \$.25

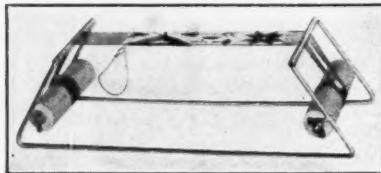
THE ADDRESS BOOK, small enough for the purse, has 42 pages for preserving names, addresses and telephone numbers. The trefoil is stamped on the green cover.

11-615 Girl Scout Address Book \$.20

GIRL SCOUTS, INC., 570 Lexington Avenue **NATIONAL EQUIPMENT SERVICE**
New York, N. Y.



YES, INDEED . . . !
BEADS ARE BACK . . .



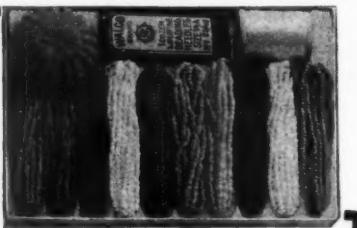
. . . And it's so easy to make your own charming bead novelties and accessories the Walco way! In order to acquaint you with this fascinating handicraft we make you a

Special Introductory Offer

We will send the standard size Walco indestructible bead loom, size 4" x 12" (illustrated above), together with 10 bunches of selected Indian Beads, $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. beading needles, 1 spool of thread and 1 box of beeswax. Also complete Indian Ring Kit consisting of a generous supply of wire, jewels and fancy agates sufficient to make varied assortments of Indian Bead rings; PLUS 16 page instruction and design booklet and sample card and giant folder below. Mail coupon today with your remittance.

Everything sent postpaid—Nothing more to pay!

\$1.00



FREE—giant multicolor folder describing and illustrating 5 handicrafts: Wood bead craft, Indian bead craft, Felt craft, Tile bead craft, Jewel craft. Sent to you free whether you buy our Special Kit or not.



**SPECIAL
OFFER** USE COUPON
BELOW

Walco Bead Company
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Please send me items checked below.

Send me Free multicolor folder describing 5 hand-crafts.

I enclose 10¢ coin for 4-color, 16-page Indian Bead-craft booklet #16 and sample card of Indian Beads.

I enclose \$1.00 for complete Indian Bead Craft Kit, including Walco Bead loom. I understand that both of the above items will be included Free of charge.

Name
 Address
 City State



BEADS ARE BACK

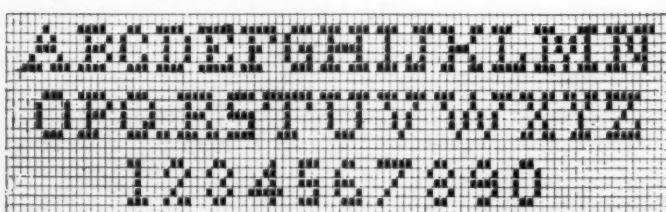
bracelet with ribbon, or mount it on a composition bracelet like the one shown here. The colors are the same and yellow as the belt.

bright red, blue, and yellow as the belt. Indian bead rings are colorful and gay, too, and do not require the use of your loom, as the beads are strung on fine wire. In a ten cent package of beads and jewels, I found material for literally dozens of rings. What a hit they would be as favors at a party!

As to your supplies, special sets—including a loom, a book of instructions with dozens of designs, an assortment of beads, bead needles, thread and beeswax—are available at a moderate price, or you may buy each article separately. In some places they will be found at a five and ten cent store.

The loom I chose for my work has a frame of one piece of metal that is sprung enough to keep the work taut. It has double rollers, which permit work of any length to be made, and has thumb screws to tighten the work. It is light, easy to handle, and durable. Directions for using come with each loom.

To start work, first string the warp threads on the loom, using one more thread than the number of beads wide. After preparing loom, attach weaving thread to left warp thread near top. Then string correct number of beads for first row. (Use bead needle.) Stretch weaving thread with beads on it toward right, under all the warp threads. With left forefinger under the beads, set them between the warp threads. Bring weaving thread over the last warp thread at the right, and string through all the beads toward left, over all the warp threads. The first row of beads is done. Continue similarly until pattern is complete. Check back carefully against pattern to avoid error in design.



SUE GOES TO HOLLAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

Weigh House tower struck four, a mechanical trumpeter blew upon his horn, and out popped two little mechanical knights in armor who flew at each other with their spears in a realistic manner.

The four travelers found charming places for tea and dinner and explored the town from end to end. That night they slept again on the boat so that they might see the cheese market in the morning.

At ten o'clock it began. There were piles of cheeses neatly arranged on barrows, or trays, with aisles between and porters standing at attention. For half an hour the buying and selling went on, the buyer lifting and punching and thumping each cheese, and sometimes testing it as one does a water-melon by cutting out a long cylinder to try. There would be some haggling about the price, then the buyer would slap the palm of the seller, the seller would slap his in return, and it was a bargain. At ten-thirty the Weigh House bell began to ring, and the porters picked up the trays and shuffled off with them to the Weigh House where the cheeses would be weighed and stamped.

BY noon Sue and Jan and their mothers were ready to start their homeward voyage. It had begun to drizzle now, but they found it cosy inside the cabin where they had their luncheon. Sue was careful to sit near the window where she could look out at the windmills that seemed to pass them in a long procession, and the meadows spotted with black and white cows, and the patchwork quilts of tulip fields.

Jan's mother told them what the canals used to be like in winter when she was a girl and everyone still wore their lovely old Dutch costumes. She told of the villages half hidden in snow along the dykes, of the great icicles hanging from the windmill arms, of the frozen canals filled with skaters in vivid costumes, the peasants wearing sheep skin coats and woolen mufflers, but the gentry dressed in rich furs and velvets.

In those days there were not many trains, or tramways, and no automobiles, and people traveled by boat in summer and by sleighs, or skates, in winter. Everybody, even grandmothers and toddlers, skated in those days, and the babies were pushed along in their little chair sledges. There were skating excursions to nearby towns, skating picnics with lunches of hot chocolate, sausages, and little cakes, bought at stands along the way, and there were romantic moonlight skating parties. The first day the ice was hard was always a school holiday, called Skating Day, and everyone in the world got out on skates. Gaily painted sleighs flew along the dykes or over the frozen canals, drawn by horses all a-tinkle with bells. There were chair sledges in which plump swains pushed their much-be-furred lady-loves around, and there were the tiny sleds on which the children coasted. Sue could almost see the gay picture.

"But now," said Jan's mother, "of course all the townspeople wear conventional city dress, and automobiles and trains carry people about, and electric power mills are gradually taking over the windmills' work, so that the little world of Holland has, by degrees, lost much of (Continued on page 35)

In the woods...at home.

anywhere you're
hungry

WHETHER your breakfast-table is polished mahogany or a fallen log, Kellogg's Corn Flakes are the answer to morning hunger.

Kellogg's and milk taste better than ever in the woods. And they're ready in no time. While the breakfast fire starts—while you're waiting for bacon and flap-jacks—dip into those crisp, crunchy flakes! The Kellogg package, with its WAXTITE inner bag, keeps them oven-fresh.

Kellogg's are just as delicious at home as in camp. Crisp and refreshing, with milk or cream and fruit. A grand evening snack, so easy to digest, you can eat them late at night—then tumble into bed and sleep soundly.

Take Kellogg's with you on your camping trip. Don't accept imitations. Kellogg's are the original Corn Flakes, with a flavor and crispness that can't be copied. Made and guaranteed by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



Nothing takes the place of

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42,117 GIRLS LIKE OUR "Hobby" Diary



So Will You!

For your vacation
dates and data
keep this compact
little book always
within easy reach

It's not too late to begin. Eight more months of 1936—especially the holidays ahead with all the things you plan to do and mustn't forget.

Send ten cents for your Diary now and begin a permanent record of 1936.

20-391 1936 Diary \$10

20-396 Diary Cover with pencil \$25

GIRL SCOUTS, INC.
NATIONAL EQUIPMENT SERVICE
570 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

MAKE YOUR OWN CLOTHES

A charming and suitable dress for the girl who is graduating this June

By
ELIZABETH ANTHONY

GRADUATION—that is one of the most exciting occasions in any girl's life. And there is no dress—except her wedding dress, of course—that means so much to her. Girls who are graduating in June were in our minds when we spotted this design, for it's none too early to be thinking about that all-important graduation frock.

When you select your material, decide on something that would be suitable for other occasions during the summer—or am I just too practical? Organza is a splendid choice; taffetas and *mousseline-de-soie* are more luxurious; net and lace are lovely; and linen, or sheer crépe, are good, also. Refer to the back of your pattern envelope for yardage requirements. Materials 39" wide cut to best advantage.

Now to get to work! The making of this dress isn't going to take long—it's even easier than it looks. First, identify each piece of the pattern. There are ten pieces in all, including the belt. And just to make sure that your pattern isn't too long, or too short, and that it fits around the hips, pin pattern pieces together, taking in the $\frac{3}{8}$ " seam allowance on all edges. Try on before a full length mirror to determine fit. If alterations are necessary, be guided by *Pattern Alterations, Etc.* on right side of *Construction Guide*. Follow *Cutting Guide* very closely, when placing pattern on material. Use plenty of fine pins—large pins will leave marks on the material. After all cutting has been done, mark notches with thread or tailor's chalk, or cut out "V" shape, not more than $\frac{1}{8}$ " deep. Markings must be made for tucks and darts in front of blouse. Tailor's tacks are best here. Markings completed, remove all pins from pattern, fold and place back in the envelope.

It is most important that your sewing machine should be well oiled and cleaned before starting to sew. See that all surplus oil is removed so that you take no chance of getting your material soiled. Use thread to match your materials, both in color and texture. Adjust tensions so that stitch appears the same on top and bottom. Seams must be smooth. If they are drawn or puckered, then tensions are too tight. Always test on a scrap of the material that you are going to use.

Now turn *Construction Guide* over to reverse side, and follow.

Make tucks, hems, and darts in front of blouse, and press. Then stitch shoulder and underarm seams, and press. Stitch skirt together—stitching from waistline to lower edge, taking up the $\frac{3}{8}$ " allowed for seams. Join skirt to waist, matching notches, and



5362—SIZES 12 TO 20
PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS

ease-in fullness of waist.

A bias facing is used to join collar to frock. To cut a bias facing, we must determine the bias of the material; and to do so, take two opposite straight edges, one the lengthwise of the material, the other crosswise. Place the two straight edges together—the fold is the true bias.

Run three rows of gathering about $\frac{1}{8}$ " apart across top of sleeve, using machine gathering foot.

The finish used at lower edge of skirt depends on the fabric used. The roll hem is best in very sheer materials—and sometimes in taffeta—but, generally speaking, machine stitching is most effective, using

edge-stitching attachment. Turn back edge of material about $\frac{1}{8}$ " and stitch; trim edge close to row of stitching, turn stitched edge back, and stitch again.

HERE again we have buttonholes to make. They must be dainty and beautifully done, of course. Make them by hand if you are very, very good at doing it; if not, use the buttonhole attachment on your sewing machine. When working buttonholes in soft or sheer materials, slip a piece of tarlatan cloth underneath.

Or, if you're in a hurry, or a bit too lazy to attempt buttonholes, you can achieve almost as dainty an effect by sewing your buttons on the outside fold of the material where you would otherwise work the buttonholes. They will trim your dress, even though they have no other useful purpose. Underneath the fold, you can sew snaps to fasten up the front.

When the excitement of graduation is over and you have plenty of time on your hands, why not make another dress, using this same pattern, View 2? There are so many smart cottons, printed poplins, or linens, and one can never have too many cool, thin, and easily-laundered dresses in the summer time. Dotted Swiss, dimities, batistes, lawns, and voiles are not expensive and will make up attractively in either plain or printed styles.

Another fabric that has returned to favor is the old-fashioned printed percale that Grandmother used for patchwork designs in the good old quilting days. Trimmed with rickrack braid in a contrasting color, it will make an enchanting and original frock.

Pattern 5362 may be ordered direct from The American Girl, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

SUE GOES TO HOLLAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

its color and gaiety. In twenty years there will be many more changes. Perhaps by that time the Zuider Zee will be drained and turned into pasture land and fields of hyacinths, and our towns will be building skyscrapers."

"Oh, I hope not!" cried Sue. "I wish it might always have stayed as it used to be. But, at least, there always have been, and always will be, tulips in Holland."

"You mustn't be too sentimental about tulips belonging to Holland," laughed Jan, "for at one time there weren't any. During the Crusades, bulbs were brought back from Persia and the East, but they didn't grow here before that time. Since then fortunes have been made and lost in tulips, and men have died to save a single rare bulb."

"I am going to find a history of Holland to-morrow," said Sue firmly. "I want to know a great deal more about how tulips came to Holland, and how the sea was turned into gardens, and how the Spaniards besieged Haarlem. I want to read about how ships from the Orient brought rich cargoes of spices down the Zuider Zee"—here she gesticulated with a spice cake—"and how Cape Horn was named for the Dutch village of Hoorn because her discoverer came from there, and how—"

"And how roast goose with spiced prunes will taste for dinner!" said Jan gaily. "We'll be home soon now, and to-morrow I will give you the very book you want."

After dinner that night, Sue and Jan leaned from the high window of the living room, and looked down at their shadows reflected in the waters of the canal.

"Two years more of school in England and then I am going to college in America," said Jan. "You want to know all about Holland, but I want to see where the Pilgrim Fathers who sailed from Holland landed on Plymouth Rock. I want to see New York, which was the New Amsterdam of my great great grandfathers. I want to follow Hendrik Hudson up the wide river named for him. And if you work very hard and learn how to keep your wooden shoes on, I'll come and dance with you every time I can escape from college."

"Let's practice right now," said Sue, and ran away to find her wooden shoes.

OLIVER TIRESOME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

beef. I offered little dicky-bird a morsel, temptingly, on the end of a toothpick. He refused it. I tried again with bread and milk, but with no more success. Obstinate setting his beak, he crouched down into the soft cotton batting that lined his basket and sulked. I thought with disgust of the box of worms. Despair overcame me. His eyes were not yet open, but I noticed that when he heard any movement near him, he would rear himself up on long thin legs and open his beak wide enough to swallow a horse. This was obviously the psychological moment to feed him. I soon learned to be quick enough to thrust nourishment down him, usually little (*Continued on page 38*)

HERE'S ELAINE'S
BRAND-NEW OUTFIT
that
DIDN'T COST HER A DIME!

New uniform, scarf, hat
— all hers through the
LIBBY THRIFT PLAN

• A little matter like money did not stop Elaine from having the things she wanted.

She went right out and got them *without money*. She worked the Libby Thrift Plan!

Like thousands of other ambitious Girl Scouts, she used the labels from Libby's Evaporated Milk to get a good-looking new uniform, scarf and hat.

And how did she get the labels? She asked her friends and neighbors and relatives to save them for her, and she had a pile before she knew it!

You can do the very same thing. Pick out the things in the official Girl Scout catalog you want. Write us as suggested below and we'll tell you just how few labels are needed for each article.

Libby's Evaporated Milk is pure and *double-rich* and therefore very popular for cooking. It won't be hard to find a lot of women who are using this fine milk and who will be glad to give you those valuable labels.

We'll give you a free certificate worth ten tall labels for a send-off! Just mail us the coupon below and we'll send the certificate right back to you. Why not do it *right now?* Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.



Scout Elaine Ducat,
Moosup, Conn.



Libby, McNeill & Libby
Dept. AG-44, Welfare Bldg., Chicago
Please tell me how I can get my Girl Scout equipment without cost.

Name..... City.....

Address..... State.....

Grocer's Name.....



IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

COLOSSUS OF THE CLOUDS

Thirty-six years ago, a new type of balloon left the ground, hesitantly, for the first time. It was a dirigible of the rigid type: a cigar-shaped flying machine that differed from other motor-driven, lighter-than-air craft because it had a complete metal "skeleton." Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin, a German who had fought in the American Civil War, was its inventor. Doubters thought his new airship nothing but a fantastic toy.

Of course they were wrong. Named after its inventor, that first crude dirigible was destined to be the granddaddy of a big fam-



ily of Zeppelins. Such craft proved problem children, though. Some of them burned up; storms broke others to pieces. Though many countries experimented with them, Germany got the best results. At last she was the only nation left building them.

One of her dirigibles, the vast *Graf Zeppelin*, has actually been maintaining a regular air service between Germany and Brazil, taking the South Atlantic in its stride. And now an even larger and finer Zeppelin—the *von Hindenburg*—is to traverse the North Atlantic on a definite schedule if present plans work out. Starting early in May, it will fly back and forth between Frankfurt-am-Main, one of Germany's busiest cities, and Lakehurst, New Jersey.

More than eight hundred feet long, it's built to carry fifty passengers, a crew of forty, and about twenty thousand pounds of mail and express. Cruising at eighty miles an hour, it is expected to make the westward crossing in less than sixty-five hours, the eastward in some forty-five.

What a thrill Count von Zeppelin would get, if he were alive to see it!

KEEPING UP WITH SUN SPOTS

Scientists tell us that, from now until the year 1939, there's likely to be increasing activity in sun spots: activity that may affect many of us. What are such spots, and how can they have any bearing on our lives?

As they appear to us, they are just what their name implies: blotches, relatively dark, on the face of the sun. Usually visible only

through telescopes, they vary widely in size. Some may be a thousand miles in diameter, others more than one hundred thousand miles wide. With a "life" of a day, a week, or several months, they are dark only by contrast with the flaming brilliance of the rest of the sun. If seen against a somber background, they'd look very bright.

Astronomers don't know, as yet, all about them. But, seemingly, they're caused by terrific whirling "storms" in the sun's hot gases. They occur in cycles—that is, their frequency and intensity increase and diminish over recurrent periods of years. Two such periods—one an eleven-and-one-tenth year cycle, the other a fourteen-hundred-year cycle—will culminate in 1939.

Sun spots are said to cause electrical disturbances on the earth and thus affect radio reception, Arctic and Antarctic auroras, and terrestrial weather. Apparently they play a part in earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. No wonder scientists are looking forward to gathering precious information about their influence, three years hence!

SMALL PAY—LARGE HOPES

Dazzling hopes, but only five dollars a month in the pay envelope: that's the lot of the typical Hollywood extra. Such extras are the men, women, and children who speak no lines, but serve as a mere background for the stars in crowd scenes, ballroom sequences, and the like. Last year, each of the fifty thousand movie extras earned an average of only sixty dollars for the twelve months. Yet the army of those who want the movie camera's eye to look at them, if only for a second, is increasing, not shrinking.

Extras fall into special groups. For in-



stance, there are the tall ones who work with the tall actors and actresses. Small stars, if they're men, must have very short extras, to make them seem big by contrast.

Perhaps the oddest group of such supernumeraries is that made up of the "beavers." These are the fellows who let their whiskers grow, hoping for parts in some of the numerous films laid in bygone days when a man's proudest possession was his beard.

SEAL SAGA

Sea lions—the hair seals of the Pacific—are supposed to stay in water, or near it. If one of them goes on a long cross-country hike, it's news. And that's why Bert Jeskey, an Oregon farmhand, got a big jolt when he found a sea lion in a wheat field, a mile and a half from the nearest river and more than a hundred miles from the Pacific Ocean.

He 'phoned the State police. Arriving, they told him the animal was one of the better known citizens of Oregon City. Chasing fish near that town, the sea lion had broken salmon poachers' nets, and had so pleased the police that they'd made him an



honorary member of the force and named him Sergeant Finnegan.

The big sea lion was lassoed, bound, and loaded on a truck. Then began a highly conspicuous trip back to the Pacific, with crowds gathering at every stop.

A literal minded naturalist declared, meanwhile, that Sergeant Finnegan was, really, a female. But that didn't faze the police. They rechristened the animal Mrs. Finnegan and said she'd make an excellent lady cop.

Lowered to a Pacific beach, she finally swam away.

There were those who suggested that she'd taken her long walk because she'd been looking for a circus to join. Certainly, members of her tribe seem to like show life. Trainers say they know of no wild animal that becomes so attached to the person who feeds and cares for it. Inside sea lions' round, sleek heads are brains of no mild voltage. Eager, curious, responsive to music, gifted with an amazing sense of balance, they're among the most brilliant of animal circus stars.

BRIGHT VISITORS FROM SPACE

Early one morning, toward the middle of last March, a giant meteor lighted up six Eastern States. Later, small fragments of it were found. The heavenly visitor started lots of people asking questions about meteors.

Scientists say that billions of meteors plunge into our planet's atmosphere every

year. Comparatively few of them fall to the earth as meteorites. Composed of metal or stone, in general they're no bigger than grapeshot. One weighing a hundred pounds would be exceptionally large. Most of them are vaporized, at a great height, by friction with the air. Astronomers have calculated that, each day, about fifteen million of them shoot toward the earth, but, on an average, only one reaches it.

A crater near Winslow, Arizona is thought to have been made by a meteorite of astounding size. In places, the walls of this vast pit are one hundred and sixty feet deep. The central meteoric mass, which may weigh thousands of tons, is thought to have buried itself about thirteen hundred feet down.

IT SHOULDERS BACK THE FLOODS

With the Government planning to build dikes and dams to control future floods, it's interesting to turn our minds to a vast, flood-restraining wall which has already proved its usefulness. Boulder Dam, in the path of the Colorado River as it flows between Arizona and Nevada, is that bulwark. Completed this year, it had prevented one destructive flood, in 1934, by checking and storing the waters of the spring run-off.

But flood control is only one of the benefits expected of it. In addition, it will mitigate droughts, irrigate vast tracts, and furnish power and water to many towns and cities. Its huge wall of concrete, rising more than seven hundred feet above the river's bedrock, is creating a lake that will, eventually, be one hundred and fifteen miles long.

"CHIMP" VERSUS CHILD

Just how like children are the young of all animals? Dr. H. C. Raven, of the American Museum of Natural History, was in a position to gain information on this point. He and his family brought up Meshie, a young female "chimp," from the time she was a baby until, growing too big and too rambunctious to be kept as a pet, she was sent to a zoo.

Meshie, who shared the life of Dr. Raven's two children, was strangely like a human child. If scolded she pouted, laughed when tickled, screamed with rage. She learned to tie crude knots in cords, ate at table with a fork and a spoon, and could pedal along on a kiddie-car. She had a child's love of sweets and ice-cream.

Dr. and Mrs. W. N. Kellogg of Indiana University, in their recent book, "The Ape and the Child," tell a somewhat similar story. For years they brought up two young



things, under identical conditions: Donald, their baby son, and Gua, a female chimpanzee almost exactly Donald's age. They made the interesting discovery that the immature ape outstripped the child in many ways until Donald was twenty-five-and-a-half months old. Then the swiftly developing boy left the animal far behind.

When Light Came in the Door...



Doctor and Nurse save one more life in Emergency Call down by the Levee

"It was a 'hurry-up' call . . . as so many of them are down here among the levee camps where government engineers are trying to make Old Man River behave.

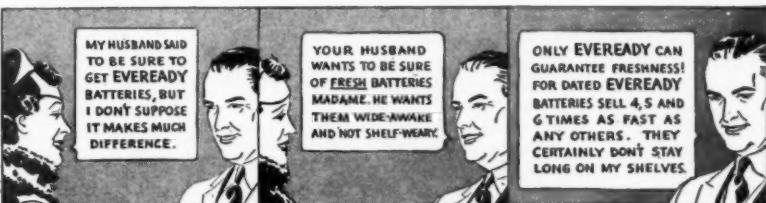
"In this case, as in so many others, our Eveready flashlight was on the job before the doctor and I could be . . . lighting our way through barbed wire fences and thickets to the ramshackle cabin where Death stalked, and a smoky oil lamp seemed only to deepen the gloom.

"The poor ignorant sufferer couldn't know it, of course, but her life depended that night on fresh Eveready batteries just as much as it did on the skill of the doctor, or anything I might do. There had to be a hypodermic injection quick! And it had to be an accurate dose, too. Our flashlight saw to that. Again, an anaesthetic must be administered, so I sat at the head of the bed, chasing the children out while I gave it, the doctor watching with his Eveready, first the amount I was giving and then the patient's reaction.

"Fresh Eveready batteries illuminated the operation that followed, and saw us back through the tangled undergrowth to the doctor's car. All in the day's work for us . . . and for Eveready too, I guess. One more life chalked up to fresh Eveready Batteries."



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COVER CONTEST NEWS

One hundred and eighty-four girls submitted titles for the cover of the March AMERICAN GIRL. The winning title is "Consider the Lilies," sent by Barbara Guiles of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Barbara will receive a book as a prize. Other good titles were "Counting the Cost"; "Scents and Cents"; "A Dollar for Daffodils"; "Just an Old Easter Custom"; "A Host of Golden Daffodils"; "What Price Spring?"; "The Wearing of the Green"; "To Buy or Not to Buy"; "The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring, Tra-la!," or some variation (sent by five girls); and "Say It With Flowers" (sent by five).

If you think of a good title for this month's cover, send it to the Cover Contest Editor, in care of THE AMERICAN GIRL, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City. You do not have to be a subscriber to enter the contest. Please print the title, and include *only* your name, address, age, and date on the same sheet. Entries must be mailed by May fifteenth.

OLIVER TIRESOME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

balls of raw meat, or milk-soaked bread speared on a toothpick, before he had time to know what he was getting. It was a terribly exciting business and a tricky one. That he survived such treatment was nothing less than a daily miracle.

Little sheath-like spines began to appear on his wings, and on the place where his tail would be. Gradually he opened his eyes. First one, then the other, glittered, darkly intelligent, between lids rimmed with tiny feather lashes.

I thought the time had now come to name him. Danny and I pondered the grave matter. We weighed all we had observed of the youngster's character, allowed for pre-natal influences, the disabilities of his upbringing, and the hazards of his infancy.

"Squawk, squawk!" he said for the millionth time that day.

"Always asking for more!" said Danny.

"Just like Oliver Twist!" said I. "Tire-some little thing!"

"Tiresome, tiresome! Oliver Tiresome! Let's play ball with him!" suggested Danny, rolling a jealous eye. I looked at him severely. But it was a good name, and "Oliver Tiresome" the bird became from that hour.

I took Oliver to be inspected by a friend of mine, a professor of biology. He listened to my tale of his history with interest, but when I asked him what kind of a bird he thought my foster-child might be, he refused to commit himself.

"Almost anything," he said. He was a man of few words.

Instantly I had visions of rearing something rare. But, remembering Oliver Tiresome's now insatiable appetite for raw beef, I suggested that he might be some bird of prey. The professor of biology thought not. But he might be a sparrow of some kind, he said.

"Song, or chipping?" I asked hopefully.

The professor was a kind and understanding man. He looked at me sagely through horn-rimmed spectacles, and said he could not tell. Oliver was still too young a bird. But he undoubtedly was a bird, and would continue to be one while he lived. The professor did not think that would be for very long.

HOWEVER, in spite of these bodeful hints, each day brought new developments. Dark feathers began to peep out of the sheaths that covered Oliver Tiresome's grotesque little body. He pecked at them, preening himself, trying to make the most of them. I watched anxiously for signs of the chipping-sparrow's little russet cap, but only a greyish down appeared on his bald head, hiding the ears set far back on it, and spreading over his scraggy neck. I listened, too, hopefully, for the first attempts at the song-sparrow's sweet note, but the insistent, high-pitched demand for food did not change into anything more musical. Sadly I came to realize that he was nothing but a mere sparrow. In fact, no sparrow could have been merer, but the little thing had so endeared himself to me that I did not care how mere he was. He made the best of my rough treatment so cheerfully, was so valiantly determined to live, that I just had to do all I could to help him. Perhaps he appreciated my clumsy efforts.

As time went on, he grew quite traveled for, as he had to be fed so frequently, I

took him with me whenever I went out in the car. Oliver, Danny and I often did the weekly shopping together. Fortunately he slept most of the night.

By the time he had grown nearly all his feathers he wished to inspect the world outside his basket, and began to scramble out of it. I put him on the studio floor where he ran about like a little mouse, often followed by a sniffing, inquisitive Danny. I think he knew no fear, all untaught as he was by other birds. But once, when the dog came too near, the tiny thing turned on him and pecked fiercely at his dewy nose. After that Danny kept at a respectful distance. Rather unwillingly, he would allow the bird to hop on his head, and trifle with his rough, brown hair, tweaking it in his beak. But although Danny told me he resented being made a plaything for a sparrow, and a mere one at that, he bore it surprisingly well.

WHEN Oliver was absorbed in important business of his own—nibbling at a piece of string, a leaf, or a blade of grass—it would be almost impossible to catch him. A pin was his special delight. He would chirrup over it, twirl it about in his beak, and run away with it under the big sofa. He soon learned to elude me, and to escape to some inaccessible place where I could not reach him unless I lay prone on the floor. Even then he usually managed to keep just beyond arm's length, and would go on attending to his own affairs, hinting that I should attend to mine and leave him alone. But if he wanted to be picked up, he would crouch on the floor, fluttering his wings in the prettiest way, looking confidingly into my face. Then he would snuggle into a fold of my dress, or into my neck, yawn, and go to sleep with his head turned over his shoulder, his beak in his wing. When he woke, he would whisper engagingly to me, making tiny, intimate noises, and pull my hair. I longed to understand the little bird secrets he tried so often to tell me. I hoped he was saying that he knew I was doing my poor best for him, and that I was not making such a bad job of it for a blundering human.

Wooden steps led from the studio into a large overgrown garden. Oliver would hop up and down them, and soon, to my great relief, he began to feed himself with the crumbs and seeds I put there for him. Sometimes he would stand on my foot, or scramble, half flying, up on to my hand. If he wanted a good solid meal he would peck my fingers. He seemed to know that fingers in activity meant food while fingers in repose meant nothing.

After a little he became extremely adventurous and absorbed more of my time than I could conscientiously give him. So I begged the loan of an enormous parrot cage from my friend, the professor of biology. I put it over Oliver, and in it he made his first attempts to fly. I could leave him in the garden safely now, pecking about. Other sparrows, five or six at a time, would come and look at him through the bars of his gilded prison. Once when he was out of the cage, hopping about on the grass, I saw him try to get himself adopted by a pair. But they were too much occupied with the responsibility of raising their own child to take on a foundling as well.

As soon as he was fully feathered, but still bunchy and rumpled-looking, he began to fly across the studio, but he could not yet lift himself into the protecting branches of the trees outside. A lilac bush grew beside my door, and sometimes I put him in it. He was very pleased and happy there, and enjoyed pecking at the heart-shaped leaves. Perhaps he found good things to eat on them, insects, or other delicacies to supplement the crude diet I gave him. I hoped so, but I could not see. I think his eyesight was much more acute than mine.

One evening he refused to come out of the lilac bush. As I could not reach him, I had to leave him there. I spent a distressful night, wondering if he had left me forever, but soon after daybreak I heard a fluttering at the screen door, and there was Oliver Tiresome clinging to the wire netting, his little feathered body flattened against it. He was chirping to be let in. When I opened the door he flew at once to his cage, and began to feed. No prodigal son could have had a more joyful welcome. When he had breakfasted he settled down into my neck, and we both slept peacefully for an hour or so. After that he stayed out every night, but never failed to come back in the early morning.

He was soon able to fly up into the trees. He began to take dust baths with the other lads of the village, and became thoroughly sophisticated and independent. But often when I went into the garden, he would fly to me and sit confidently on my head or shoulder.

I now felt it was time to go away for our vacation. Danny felt it was long overdue, so we decided to leave at once until the autumn. I told him I hoped to renew our friendship with Oliver Tiresome when we returned, but Danny sniffed and said he didn't care if he never saw the fellow again. I told him I thought that both unkind and uncalled for. We did not speak for some minutes.

Although, on our return, I put out food all winter long, often in zero weather, denting the blue-white snow with crumbs, I could not identify Oliver Tiresome among all the other birds that came, famished for food. A flicker came. He had evidently decided not to go away that winter. Nut-

hatches and chickadees, hairy and downy woodpeckers came, too, and a host of ragged starlings, quarrelling and spilling everything off the food tray I kept on the window-ledge. But of all the trim, well-tailored sparrows, much better mannered than the starlings, not one came alone, or stayed behind when his pals flew away.

ONE warm spring day, however, when I was sitting outside on the paint-cracked bench, sewing as diligently as the light, teasing wind would let me, a pair of sparrows arrived. Proud parents, with a baby that might have been Oliver Tiresome himself. The father bird flew off to the old twisted apple tree and, half hidden in the pink-tipped blossoms, watched his wife and child from a safe distance. But the mother bird fed her little one quite close to me, only moving a few hops away if Danny, stretched luxuriously in the hot sunshine, made any sudden movement. She was so busy, so unafraid as she hunted for treasures at my feet, that I wondered if she could be my friend of last year.

Very gently I put out my hand. She cocked her head and peeked saucily at me out of her little glittering eye. Then, to my astonished delight, I felt her tiny weight and dry tickling claws on my wrist. She scrambled and fluttered up my arm, hopped onto the bench, and deliberately selected a pin from the small collection lying beside me. Without a doubt Oliver Tiresome had come back.

Spellbound and breathless I watched her. But a tactless fly chose that moment to come buzzing close to Danny's twitching nose. He lifted his head sharply, snapped at the fly, and the spell was broken. The bird dropped the shining pin and flew swiftly back to her baby.

"Danny," I said, "we should have called her Olivia, not Oliver!"

Danny stretched himself and blinked ironically, trying to tell me he had always known Oliver was a girl bird. I said I didn't believe him. He looked offended; then, with a sigh for the hopeless stupidity of humans, he fell instantly asleep.

Well, perhaps he had. Perhaps that was why he had been so long-suffering. Danny is always polite to the ladies.

SALLY SOUNDS THE ALARM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

the hill. He had proposed to hire them to help with the building, but his offer had been met with threats and scornful laughter. Rudolf Meng told them that these were the Janzen boys, whom the whole countryside feared. Once there had been four brothers, but one of them had come to a violent end. They were still four, however, as the dead man's son made up the number. The two older ones had escaped from prison, so it was said. Now and then, when one or another of the Janzens was seen at the cross-roads store, or the blacksmith shop, they were always reported as saying that Dixon's mill should never grind grain on their hillside.

It was surprising how many delays there were as the work went forward. The dam across the stream was almost finished when they came, but it began to have strange leaks which cost time and trouble to repair.

Beams that had been placed broke when the weight of others was laid upon them. John Dixon and his helpers toiled with the spirit of ten, but they were, after all, with Rudolf Meng, only five. Sally and her mother helped, bringing water for the mortar and mixing it. Sally even helped to carry small loads to the spot where the stones were being laid. She learned to have a steady hand on the ladders, and she loved to stand on the top of the upper walls and look down into the valley where the fields were checkered with growing grain in different colored patches, and the stream wound away toward the Delaware River. Somewhere near the place where the stream emptied into the river was Mr. William Penn's great country house of Pennsbury.

It was now past midsummer, and the walls and roof of the mill were finished. Her father was busy framing in the water wheel, with its big timbers, and the bucket-like spaces around the (Continued on page 41)

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WITH the leaves of our calendars fluttering towards June, it is delightful to have our old friends, the Grapers, with us again, in their new book, *Beth and Ernestine Graper* by Elizabeth Corbett (Appleton-Century). And this new book has a June wedding in it, too, for good measure, and two other weddings, as well, before the story ends! Yes, here are Marian and Ernestine and Beth Graper, graduating from college and going into life's next adventures. Being the Grapers, everything they do is interesting. Marian's twins keep her very busy indeed. Ernestine achieves her ambition by going to New York and finding her long-dreamed-of job. Beth, too, realizes a dream and plays tennis at Forest Hills.

I won't spoil their romances for you by telling you whom they marry, but I can say that, again being the Grapers, they make most interesting choices. You will enjoy *Beth and Ernestine Graper* as much as you have the other Graper girls' books—which is saying a great deal—and the story is complete in itself if you have not as yet read the other Graper books.

Elizabeth Corbett is not the only author friend of ours who has a new book for us. For our own Edith Ballinger Price, in *Lubber's Luck* (Appleton-Century), has written another of her lively adventure stories. The hero is Rod Granger, a boy who longed to go to sea, but did not plan his seafaring in the unexpected way it happened. The Captain's daughter, Victoria, becomes Rod's partner as he sets himself to solve the mystery that most certainly exists aboard the *Miraflores*. And with this story, too, you will find yourself eager to know what happens next.

Another book for your very great pleasure this month is *For Keeps* by Gertrude E. Mallette (Doubleday, Doran), for Jack and Nancy Kendall are delightful book friends. It is no easy task that Nancy and Jack face—looking after their invalid mother, and keeping their adored Lazy K ranch. But because they have plenty of courage and more than a few ideas, they valiantly face their problem. All along the way are any number of dramatic happenings that will keep you reading eagerly from one chapter to the next.

I have been delighted to have so many of you write me that you enjoy biography and autobiography. Here are two unusually interesting books of this type. The first is by another author well-known and loved by AMERICAN GIRL readers—Hildegarde Hawthorne. *The Poet of Craigie House* by Hildegarde Hawthorne (Appleton-Century) is about the life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Here we find him as a small boy in

By HELEN FERRIS

Editor-in-Chief, Junior Literary Guild

picturesque Portland, going to the Portland Academy and bringing home the report, "Master Henry Longfellow is one of the best boys in school. He spells and reads very well. He can also add and multiply numbers. His conduct last quarter was very correct and amiable." Despite this good report, however, young Henry himself did not enjoy the strict way in which the Academy was conducted, nor the dull lessons, but in his home, with his father and mother and his brothers and sisters, there was much happiness and many a gay lark. He loved, too, to visit his grandparents in the country.

The rest of the book brings you the story of his college days at Bowdoin, in Brunswick, Maine; of his early love of literature and languages, and of his appointment as a professor in his own college when he was only nineteen. You will be with him on his European trips when he met Washington Irving and other eminent Americans of those days, as well as making many European friends, and you will see his awakening desire to develop his own literary gift.

HIS first marriage ended in the tragic death of his greatly loved young wife; and so his first years at Harvard, when he roomed in the lovely old house which was later to be his own, were lonely ones, although he enjoyed his teaching there very much indeed.

When he was in his early thirties he married the lovely Frances Appleton, and, from that time on, he found in his own happy home great inspiration for the poems we cherish to-day—*Evangeline*, *Hiawatha*, *The Courtship of Miles Standish* and the others.

This book is the story of a beautiful life, and to those of you who like to write, I should like to pass on Washington Irving's advice to young Henry Longfellow, "My boy, if you are to be a writer, my advice is to be at your desk as regularly as any clerk at the office. Do your dreaming at night, and your work in the best hours of the day, which are the early hours."

The other biography of which I wish to tell is *South of the Sunset, an Interpretation of Sacajawea* by Claire Warner Churchill (Rufus Rockwell Wilson). This is the thrilling and authentic story of the Shoshone Indian girl who led Lewis and Clark—Long Knife and Red Hair, as she called them—

on the first momentous trip across our vast continent. No piece of fiction ever held more of drama, or suspense, or adventure, than this true story of the valiant young Bird Woman who played so important a part in our country's history.

For girls who enjoy gardens, two recent books are full of help and suggestion—*The Gardener's First Year* by Alfred Bates (Longmans, Green), and *Green Grows the Garden* by Margery Bianco (Macmillan). Alfred Bates is a contributing editor to *The National Horticultural Magazine*, and a gardener of wide experience. His book is full of helpful suggestions on such important problems as: the size of your garden, and the tools you will use; sowing the seed; what is a plant?; watering the garden; staking; cutting flowers and saving seed; disease and insects; and many more.

MARGERY Bianco's book is full of just the kind of conversation one always hears when two born gardeners get together. In it, she talks to you of the day-to-day problems you meet in your gardening, and passes on to you suggestions from her own experience. She chats with you about growing flowers from seeds, your vegetable patch, your camp flower patch, your herb garden and rock garden, not forgetting indoor gardening. And from the delightful incidents and stories that she tells, you cannot help feeling that here is a real gardener, writing of the fun it is to be one. The charming illustrations by Grace Paull have delightfully caught the spirit of the book.

I am happy, also, to find among the spring books some that you will specially enjoy in camp this summer. Perhaps nothing is in greater demand in camp than collections of stories that are just the thing to tell at camp fire time. Here, then, are two collections to meet this camp desire of yours: *Rootabaga Stories* by Carl Sandburg (Harcourt, Brace), and *All the Mowgli Stories* by Rudyard Kipling (Doubleday, Doran). I hope all AMERICAN GIRL readers already know Carl Sandburg's Potato Face Blind Man; his Gold Buckskin Wincher; the Huckabuck family; Hattrack Horse, and the other characters that appear in these truly magic tales. Altogether there are forty-nine of Mr. Sandburg's stories in this book, inimitably illustrated by Maud and Miska Petersham.

Shortly before his death, Rudyard Kipling gave his permission to publish in one volume all the stories about Mowgli, the boy who was brought up by wolves in the jungle. For many years every one who has loved the Mowgli stories—and there are thousands and thousands of such enthusiasts—has wished he might have the com-

plete story of Mowgli in one book. So here it is, in a book beautifully illustrated by Kurt Wiese.

Far Town Road by Emma Gelders Sterne (Dodd, Mead) is a book that will bring to you a new idea for camp dramatics, for here are five plays that are delightful not only for acting but for reading aloud. Have you ever tried the informal reading of plays in camp? I had no idea how much fun the reading of a play could be until—this last year, in a club to which I belong—we tried it. Incidentally, *Far Town Road* makes fascinating reading, just by yourself. The plays are: *The Puppet of Papa Tero*, *The Reluctant Dragon*, *The White Blackbird*, *Jeanne d'Arc*, and a dramatization of W. H. Hudson's famous story, *Green Mansions*.

For other moods in camp, *Games and Stunts for All Occasions* by William P. Young and Horace J. Gardiner (Lippincott) is full of novel ideas and entertaining suggestions. There are chapters on warming up games, sitting still games, paper and pencil games, question and answer games,

games for the spectator, team games, and even conundrums.

For those of you who are especially interested in nature study, *Our Wonderful World* by Frances Jenkins Olcott (Little, Brown) is a treasure trove. Here are one hundred and thirty true stories of the wonders of nature, forty of them written by Miss Olcott herself. One of the most fascinating things about this book is that it tells of so many different things. What have Amelia Earhart and Commander Byrd seen high in the sky? They themselves tell you. What has impressed William Beebe, deep down in the sea? His story, too, is here. Other eminent authors of these true tales are Roy Chapman Andrews, Sir James Jeans, Enos Mills, and W. H. Hudson. And just to give you an idea of the sweep of the book, here are some of the chapter headings: The Wonderful World of Sea and Beach; The Wonders of Sky and Air; of earth; fire; water; electricity; of green growing things; of spinning; weaving; floating wonders; and the stories of the animal kingdom.

SALLY SOUNDS THE ALARM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

rim which would fill when the water poured down upon them and, by their weight, would carry the wheel round and round. The two great round millstones had been carried up the steep road with much groaning and creaking of the heavy cart. They lay in the grass to wait until the other machinery was ready and they could be set in place.

On a hot evening, the men were working after dark by the light of lanterns, in the basement of the mill. Sally's mother had given her a jug of cool raspberry shrub to carry across to them for they were sure to be thirsty. The stars were bright and low, as they are on hot nights, and squares of light fell here and there on the grass, through the lantern-lit windows. Sally was halfway across the road, almost under the great walnut tree, when she stopped abruptly, standing motionless in the shadow. There was a strange sound like the click of stone against stone. Suddenly it ceased. Something moved in the dark, then a figure leaped up and ran down the road. The jug of raspberry shrub slipped from Sally's hands, and lay shattered in the dust.

"Father! William! Rudolf!" she screamed with all her might. She had recognized, without any doubt, that tall youth in his ragged leather shirt, the youngest Janzen, who had spoken to her with such defiance that day by the spring.

Rudolf brought a lantern, and they searched the spot to see if the intruder had done any damage. In the grass they found a heavy stone *mallet* with which he had been trying to chip and break the smooth-cut millstones when she had frightened him away. If he had succeeded in ruining them, it would have meant weeks of delay.

The next night Sally was still too much excited to sleep well. She got up, in the darkness, to look across the road at the mill. A late, one-sided moon was shining. Did she see something stir in the shadow close to the wall? The moonlight would touch that spot in a moment. The patch of light shifted and showed Rudolf Meng, with his back against the stone wall, his head drooping, a gun across his knees. In a moment the brightness had awakened him, and he

moved along into the shadowed place again.

Next morning, when she met him in the doorway, she said abruptly, "Rudolf, you were watching last night!"

"Your father—the Quakers—they use not guns, and only guns is enough to keep off Janzens," he replied, in his faltering English.

The work went forward steadily now, autumn came on, and the mill was finished. It was a great day when Rudolf dropped the wooden gate in the dam, and the pool filled up and up, to run down the sluiceway upon the wheel, and to set it to turning. Inside, Sally's father helped her to lift the first sack of wheat, to pour the grain into the hopper, to pull the lever and set the stones spinning. The stones rumbled, crushing the grain between them, and presently a thin trickle of flour began to come out below.

There was much grain that year. People kept bringing it to the door in carts, in sacks slung over the backs of horses, and all rejoiced that, at last, there was a mill in the valley. Mr. William Penn sent a message written by his own hand, saying that he was "always happy to know of one more mill, bravely built and bravely running."

Rudolf Meng was paid and thanked, but all his English left him on that occasion, and Sally could not understand his stammered German goodbye.

John Dixon had made a little office room just inside the door of the mill, and thither he moved his papers and his account books, and sat at the table, keeping count of the grain sacks brought in to be ground. It seemed that good fortune had come at last.

It was Sally who awakened in the dark of a windy night, to know at once that something was wrong. She sat up in bed, catching a whiff of a sharp smell, and a flash of red beyond her window. She jumped up and looked out. The mill stood dim and silent against the stars, and then suddenly was lit by a spark of red, deep inside.

In a moment she had thrown on some clothes, and was calling to her father, and to her brothers in the next room. They all went running across the road to fling themselves against the wide door. It was barred from the inside, and the spark of red had grown to a flickering sheet of orange.

One upper win- (*Continued on page 42*)

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SALLY SOUNDS THE ALARM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

dow of the mill was open, showing how someone had entered to bar the door and set the fire, and then had dropped out over the sill. The ladders were all inside, and the window was higher than the tallest man could reach. One of Sally's brothers had scrambled on the shoulders of another, but still he was not near the window ledge.

"Give me your hand up," cried Sally. Often and often they had done that, a slimmer boy standing on a stronger one's shoulders, and Sally scrambling up by hand and knee and shoulder until she perched upon the top. In a moment she was up, she had caught the sill, she was over it. In this upper room the air was still clear, but very hot. She had no need to fumble for the ladder, the red light from below showed her the way.

The flames were at the back, though they were reaching forward and burning fiercely along the partition walls of the office room. But she could still reach the big door. She jerked away the bar of iron which had been braced against it, swung it open, and her brothers came plunging in.

There was plenty of water; there were plenty of buckets, and strong hands to carry them. Sally was not allowed to go into danger again, but she ran back and forth, back and forth, filling and carrying, her arms aching and her eyes smarting with the smoke. The red glare lit the whole hillside where, if anyone had found time to look, a row of dark figures might have been seen, leaning on their rifles and watching the progress of the fire.

IT was daylight before the first neighbors from the valley came panting up the road to help the Dixons. A score of hands managed what the Dixons alone could not have accomplished and, by the time the sun was really up, the fire had been quenched. Rudolf Meng was the first to come, and his was the hand which emptied the last bucket on the smouldering beams. The walls and roof were little damaged, or the upper lofts. The machinery and the big wheel had not suffered, but, on the main floor, the boards and beams were blackened, and some of the inner walls were burned clean through.

Sally caught sight of her father coming out of his little room and, at the stricken look on his face, she cried, "What is it?"

"I had brought the Bible box and the papers out here—the cupboard in the wall of the office seemed a safer place than the closet shelf in the parlor. And they are burned—the deed from William Penn and the paper recording the sale. We have nothing at all, now, to show that we own this place!"

"But everyone knows we do own it," she comforted him.

A man had come in from the crowd outside, a big, red-faced, kindly-voiced soul, the constable from the settlement below. "I fear there has been bad work here, John Dixon," he began. "Those Janzens, it's not the first time they have played a trick of this kind, but we're bound it shall be the last. Quakers are men of peace—but there are officers of the King's law, men to see that the law is upheld. Before another day is over, that tribe is going to be driven from these hills. They claim this land because they were here first, but where have they any right, or deed to it?"

John Dixon spoke sadly. "Nor have I any deed to it now," he said, shaking his head.

The good man looked startled. He went inside and saw the blackened scraps which were all that the fire had left of John Dixon's papers.

"Those Janzens are just clever enough to make trouble over this, bad trouble," he said at last. "You should have a new paper from the Governor, man, as quickly as it is possible to get one."

"If there's to be trouble with the Janzens, I must not leave the mill," John Dixon answered. "And the boys must stay, too—to protect our property."

"Let the little lady here go to Mr. William Penn to fetch the new deed, in that case," said the constable. "Rudolf Meng and his mother are both here—she came up to help your missus if the house went. They can carry Mistress Sally in the cart to Pennsbury, where Governor Penn is now abiding. Have you the courage to go, young mistress? You can tell Mr. Penn that you have seen the paper and know just what it was. I'll warrant he will make no words over giving you another."

SO it was that Sally found herself presently jogging down the white road, seated on the high, narrow seat of the Mengs' cart. She wondered what she was supposed to say to Mr. William Penn, how she was to explain, where she should begin. And, wondering, she laid her head against Mrs. Meng's comfortable shoulder and fell fast asleep. They stopped and ate and rested a little at the Mengs' cottage, but as soon as they set forth again she slept once more. She did not really come fully awake until the very end of the day when they drove up to the door of Pennsbury.

She had seen some of the great houses of Philadelphia, but she had never set eyes on anything so large and dignified as this broad brick mansion, looking across its sloping gardens to the sweep of the Delaware River. There were the great walnut trees of which she had heard her father speak; there, beyond, was the Indians' field where Mr. Penn's red-skinned friends camped when they came to pay him a visit.

As they came up the steps, Sally suddenly remembered that the Mengs, neither of them, knew enough English to be of any help to her. She explained to the servant at the door that she had come to see Governor William Penn on important business. The two Mengs sat down humbly in the hall, while she was taken directly into the study of the Governor.

He was sitting at his big desk, writing, and he gave her a polite nod of greeting and apology, as though to beg her to wait until he wrote to the end of the page. She seated herself in a great, cane-bottomed oak chair, so high that her feet scarcely touched the ground. The room was light and airy, with big windows that opened toward the river. William Penn looked broad and stocky, as he sat in his square wooden chair and wrote, with an intent face which she could only half see. The sound of birds, and of a gardener clipping a hedge, came in through the open window.

As Sally sat there waiting, all fear and excitement left her. A feeling of peace began to steal through her, seeming to come out of the peace of that quiet house. She

understood, all at once, how much the Dixons had been in haste and hurry, how full of striving and anxiety, ever since they went to live in the house on the hillside. But now, somehow, she began to feel sure that everything was going to come out as it should.

Mr. Penn put down his goose quill pen at last and turned about in his chair. The moment she caught sight of that broad forehead and those dark, kind eyes, she knew that this was not merely a square shouldered, stocky gentleman doing public business at a tall desk, but a very great man who had all the time in the world to give to her affairs. It was no effort at all to tell him everything.

"I knew, from Friend Ezra Raymond, of your father's buying the place," he told her. "It did my heart good to know what he was doing. Every field put under the plough, every wheel that turns, is one more step toward making a new safe place for people to live in freedom."

He rose. "I will have my clerk make out a new document," he told her, "and you shall carry it back to-morrow. Tonight, you and your friends must stay with us. Would you like to go out, before you sup, and see the garden? You will find Mistress Penn

there, most probably, among her flowers."

Mr. Penn went with Sally to the open terrace before the house, from which the garden, full of bright blossoms still, sloped down to the water's edge. The level sunshine was dropping through the walnut trees, making the green grass shine and touching the tree trunks. She looked out at the brightness and the color, and then up at the warm bricks above her. "It is a marvelous great house," she said simply.

Mr. Penn smiled. He loved to have people praise Pennsbury. He spoke as simply as she had done. "A few years ago, all this was wilderness like your hillside. Mistress Penn and our children and I have only lived here during this year, and that only in the times when I could be away from Philadelphia. But I could ask nothing better in the world than that we should be able to spend the rest of our days in this place."

The sense of peace which Sally had felt in the house filled her spirit again. The Governor was their friend; tomorrow she would have the deed to carry back to her father; the Janzens would be driven out of the country; the mill would prosper. All is well, she thought, as she looked up, smiling, into the grave, kind face of Mr. Penn.

LEAVE IT TO LOFTY!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

planned lunch, bought with all their money; the vital heart of the expedition—the crowning satisfaction of the day! Lofty felt desperately in his pockets. There might be a hot dog stand nearby, at a filling station. Not likely, though; they'd been driving now for miles through the State forest reservation. In his pockets his trembling fingers encountered three pencil stubs, a small flash light, a knife, a notebook, a radio ground clamp, two dry cell binding-post nuts, and eighteen cents.

"Got any money on you, Roy?" he asked suddenly, in a rather squeaking voice which made Margie stare at him again.

About enough to get gas for the return trip," Roy replied. "Why?"

"Just wondered," Lofty said. Jem Duncan might have some. He always had more than the rest of them.

"Oh, look!" Margie cried. "There it is! Oh, isn't it grand? How high is it, anyway?"

Lofty was oddly silent, though the query was addressed to him, and Margie repeated, "How high is Beacon Ridge?"

"Not so very," Roy answered. "It's not really a mountain. Just enough to give you a swell appetite. Hope there's enough grub for a left-over snack when we get down—how about it, Lofty?"

"Eh? What?" said Lofty, starting. "Oh, yes! Leave that to me. Plenty. Um—I saw to that."

"Oh, how pretty!" Margie exclaimed. "How dark the evergreens look among the bare trees. See, Lofty—isn't it gorgeous?"

"Evergreens?" said Lofty blankly. "Oh yes—evergreens. Yes, evergreens. Yes, yes."

Margie gazed at him and then turned to Roy. Really, if Lofty wasn't even going to try to be amusing! Lofty saw and understood, and sank deeper into the morass of his despair.

The car pulled up at last in the wide clearing at the foot of the trail. There were

stone fireplaces for just such picnickers as these; a rude table or two, set under the dark firs and slim hickories. Roy began gathering dead wood. Margie, ready to play hostess, looked into the rumble.

"I can begin arranging the things," she said. "We'll want to eat, first of all. I'm starved already—are you, Lofty? Why—where is the food?"

"Jem—Jem's supposed to be bringing it," stammered Lofty. "More room in his car." If, by a miracle, Jem has got it, he thought, I won't need to give away what's happened. If he hasn't—well, it'll be time enough to break it to 'em then.

The fire was going most cheerfully in the rough stone oven by the time Jem Duncan's yellow car slid into the clearing.

"Hello!" cried Margie. "Where's Dot Jarvis?"—for only one girl sat beside Jem.

"She's in bed with a cold," Betty Jarvis said. "Tried awfully hard to persuade herself she could make it, but Mother simply wouldn't let her come."

"That's why we were late," Jem explained. "I went over there to hurry 'em up, and got into a pro and con powwow."

But Lofty's thoughts and sympathies were not for Dot Jarvis. He was hurrying towards the back of Jem's car. Just as he reached it, there rose from the rumble seat the last thing on earth he expected or wanted to see—not the lunch, but the person of his young sister, Bushy.

"What are you doing here, you utterly abysmal upstart?" he hissed furiously.

"Jem asked me, very prettily," Bushy informed him. "He said that, as long as they were one girl short, I was needed, and I'd be the life of the party. I—er—happened to be in the rumble of his car anyway, so I just came along."

"You would be in the rumble of his car," Lofty groaned. "You—instead of what ought to be there. You!" He cleared his throat desperately. "Well, Jem," he said in a loud, hasty voice, "you have the grub, of course, as per arrangement?" (*Continued on page 45*)

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THE GIRL SCOUT PAGES

NEEDHAM, MASSACHUSETTS: I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for five solid years. What a magazine! It is the best of its kind. I am a Girl Scout and enjoy the Girl Scout features immensely.

As to the stories, *Where Is Sylvia?* is tops, and *The New Girl at La Gentiane* comes in as a close second. *Priscilla Obey's Summons* was good, too. I could just feel for Priscilla. *The K. R. A. Club* was dandy.

Could we have more articles on movie stars?

Recently on the page, *A Penny For Your Thoughts*, I saw a letter from a girl who wanted to know what had happened to Ruth Carroll's covers? I would also like to know. I love her pictures.

Marjorie Rugen

A GOOD TIP

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA: Although I have been a faithful subscriber and an old friend of yours for over a year, I have never been able to pluck up enough courage to tell you what a really swell magazine you really are! I adore every bit of you from "kiver to kiver," but the etiquette series is especially grand. For Christmas, I was lucky enough to get that perfect book on etiquette by Beatrice Pierce which you recommended, and I just can't thank you enough for tipping me off!

Just one more thing. I love the summaries of the motion pictures that you have been giving us lately. Why couldn't we have them every month? I mean as a regular feature. I am a movie fan, and I know that some of my friend Girl Scouts are so, too.

Mary Leighton Taylor

A NICE SECRET

FUQUAY SPRINGS, NORTH CAROLINA: You may think me silly for writing you so soon, for I have only been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL for four months, but I do think it is the grandest magazine ever published!

The January cover is the best I've seen. As I am taking art (but a very poor artist) I appreciate all the covers and inside pictures. *Mr. Gabriel's Ball Gown* is the best story yet. I also liked *The Kid Sister*, *An Insect for Chris*, and *The New Girl at La Gentiane*, and *The K. R. A. Club* in this issue. I like *Good Times With Books* and enjoy reading books very much.

I live in a small town and we don't have a Girl Scout troop, but I'll let you in on a secret—we may get one very soon!

Rebecca Cozart

TO BUY BOOKS

BLACKSBURG, VIRGINIA: After taking THE AMERICAN GIRL two years I have decided to write and tell you how fine I think it is. I like the *American Girls in Art* and *The Sports of Yesteryear*, but I miss Ruth Carroll's cute covers.

I miss Bushy and Lofty very much, too, and wish that the author of those darling stories would write another about those same people for our magazine.

After reading *Good Times with Books* in the March issue, and other issues, too, I resolved to put aside some of my allowance each week so I can buy some of those good books that Helen Ferris tells about. I think the other departments are fine, too.

I was sick last week, but I wasn't quite as lucky as Jean was, because my AMERICAN GIRL didn't come until I was well.

The New Girl at La Gentiane was swell. Elizabeth was a nice girl, and I wish the other girls had been nicer to her. The other stories in the March issue were good, and *Where Is Sylvia?* is the best serial I have ever read in THE AMERICAN GIRL, although *Keeper of the Wolves* was fine, too.

I read *The Magnet* the first thing, and I resolved to start right now and have a little iron in me. I admire those girls Dorothy Canfield told about. I like the movie articles and I will be sure to see the movie, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*.

I wish I could cook sixteen things at once, so I could try those recipes in *Go Mexican*. I don't know which one to cook first.

We have a Girl Scout organization here under a fine leader.

Barbara Jean Murray

THANK YOU, KATHRYN!

SENTINEL, OKLAHOMA: I have only taken THE AMERICAN GIRL three months, and I cannot read the numbers fast enough. I only wish we had a Girl Scout group in our town, but we haven't one.

I think the covers, stories, series of articles, serials—well, in fact, everything—are wonderful. I mean to take the magazine from now on, and I am getting lots more girls to take it. I only wish I could say in words how much I think of this magazine and the Girl Scout organization.

The K. R. A. Club girls are grand, and let's hear more about them.

Kathryn Hopper

THE MAGAZINE GOES TO SCHOOL

EAST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY: We were having a short study of motion pictures in our English class, and the other day I took my AMERICAN GIRL to school for the information in the article on movies. One of the girls saw my magazine and almost told me to go back to the kindergarten for reading such "childish" stories. Later, I could hardly get the magazine back from her again, and she wanted to know how the stories ended!

I am taking art as an elective in school and consequently I am very interested in the art part of the magazine (covers, art series, and general illustrations).

Let's have more movie articles. I like them very much! The stories, articles and departments are all that I would look for in a girl's magazine. Everything is right.

It is too bad that there are some girls who live where there is no Girl Scout troop. Here's hoping someone near them starts a good lively one!

Good luck to THE AMERICAN GIRL, and to everyone who helps to make it the magazine it is. Keep it going!

Doris Crisson

BEST FRIENDS

SHEFFIELD, ALABAMA: After taking this wonderful magazine for two years, I have at last decided to write.

I am a Girl Scout so, naturally, that section interests me. The March issue was grand, with especially good articles. The story about the *K. R. A. Club* was swell.

Let's have more good stories, especially about Ellen Wakefield, and Edith Ballinger Price's adorable stories about Bushy. A good article about dancing would be fine, too. And where are Ruth Carroll's covers?

Well, that's about all, except to say that Joan and Jean are among my best friends.

Jean Ettman

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS TO MARJORIE!

EDGEWOOD, RHODE ISLAND: I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for two years. Think how I felt when my card came saying that Gramma and Grampa had given me another subscription! I could have jumped with joy. My favorite stories are, *Where Is Sylvia?*, *The K. R. A. Club*, *The New Girl at La Gentiane*—and I just love Jean and Joan.

I am a Girl Scout and I take my magazine to Scouts every time I get a chance so that the girls who don't take it may see it. I am going to have a birthday this month and I'll be twelve. I hope my letter will be published because I'm so interested in THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Marjorie Hoppers

LEAVE IT TO LOFTY!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

"Now, isn't that low of him!" thought Bushy, watching the troubled blankness of Jem's face, and his mouth just opening to repeat "Grub?" in questioning puzzlement. All the others saw that blank look, too. Bushy had meant to keep her own counsel a little longer—but if Jem was going to be put in the wrong, the moment had come for speech and action.

"Of course Jem has it," cried Bushy. "That was the plan, wasn't it?" And pulling back the robe, she tugged at a heavy basket between her feet.

A number of long looks went about the party. They passed between Bushy and Lofty, between Jem and Bushy, between Roy and Margie. Bushy opened her mouth and shut it again. Well, really, no need to let Lofty down any farther than he was already. "Poor, creeping wretch," thought Bushy, "he must have been having a hideous time of it!"

At some little distance, under pretext of gathering more firewood, Lofty took his sister aside and questioned her hastily.

"Did Jem ask whether he was to bring it?"

"Of course he didn't," Bushy retorted. "Why would he—why would anybody—with that 'Leave it to me' slogan of yours? Imagine letting an old girl make you forget food! Food! I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw you go off. First, I just thought I'd let you all starve. It would have served *you* right, but it wasn't the others' fault. So when Jem went off on foot to see what had become of the Jarvises, I simply piled the old stuff into his car. I was in the rumble when he came back, and he asked me to go, so I yelled to Mother and went. If you ask me, I've earned it."

"I—I guess you have, at that," Lofty muttered.

Six well-fed and contented young people warmed their hands at the embers of the fire before extinguishing it and starting their climb.

JANET AT THE FRICK COLLECTION

"Here is the great Rembrandt, as he painted himself when he was old and tired and very wise. Do you remember, in Chicago, a picture of a young girl at an open door, in a stiff bodice and a full woolen skirt—so full that you said she couldn't possibly play tennis in it—and do you remember the shadows behind her? Well, this is the man who painted her, and look at the shadows that have moved up close to him. I'm not going to try to tell you why it's one of the world's great pictures. Maybe you don't even like it. But look at it well, so that the memory of it stays behind your eyes. And some day, years from now, when he doesn't look half so old to you, you'll come back and know why I tell you to remember."

Janet squeezed her aunt's hand with the special kind of affectionate clasp she kept for moments when grown-ups gave her a glimpse of a grown-up world she did not understand, but whose existence she recognized. Then

"Good eats, Lofty," Roy commented, and the others agreed. "Um!"

Something curiously supercilious and piercing in his sister's gaze suddenly seemed to strike Lofty.

"Er—Bushy made a few suggestions as to menu," he mumbled. "Of course, she's always eating, so she knows some things about food."

"If you ask me," said Margie slowly, "I think we all may be *very* glad Bushy came."

"No party complete without her," said Jem. "I—er—felt it in my bones that I was making no mistake in telling her to come along."

"The life of the party—in every way," Betty Jarvis added.

AND when the boys and girls paired off to mount the steep wooded trail that led toward the observatory, it was the tall and lordly Jem Duncan who climbed with Bushy, and hoisted her up the highest rocks and talked about sailing next summer in his red-sailed knockabout, the one that led in all the races.

The climb was grand, the view from the top was breath-taking, the run back down the trail at breakneck speed was hilarious and exhilarating. And there was enough food left for an extremely satisfying snack before starting the drive home. Bushy, filled with the mingled joys of Jem Duncan's favor, the longed-for trip itself, and the fact that she had behaved quite handsomely, was floating on heights of rapture far more elevated than Beacon Ridge. She was not to bounce in the chilly rumble going home, but to sit between Jem and Betty on the deep, luxurious seat of the lovely yellow roadster.

"Well, so long!" cried Jem, as the two cars prepared to get under way. "Swell party, Lofty."

"Elegant!" agreed Margie. "Specially the food."

"Why not?" said Jem. "Er—leave it to Lofty!"

Lofty, turning a pretty pink, looked discreetly at his toes.

THE FRICK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

they went on to a whole room full of beautiful copper cups and plates and coffers, with scenes and portraits enamelled in glowing blues, deep reds, and rare whites. Jane said that they were made in Limoges in the sixteenth century and that, if you looked hard, you could see French kings and nobles and famous scenes in French history. On a table was one most lovely small bronze statue by the great Italian, Benvenuto Cellini. Janet's hand went out to that. Somehow, its surface just called for fingers to enjoy it. But Jane pulled her back.

"Dangerous gallery habit to get into," she said softly. "Also, the little statues here are all wired so that a bell rings if you pick one up, and the guards rush in, and there is a general alarm which would make you uncomfortable."

Janet blew on her fingers as if they had been burned, and then caught sight of what, for her, remained (*Continued on page 46*)



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JANET AT THE FRICK COLLECTION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

the high spot of the collection. "Is it Italian, Jane? It must be Italian. It looks like some of those early ones we saw, only this man has learned about perspective, just as you said they did. But look at the singing leaves, and the sunny day, and the little knock-kneed donkey. Did you say it was Bellini who painted it? Well, I never heard of him, but I certainly do admire his taste in donkeys. And I always thought Saint Francis was nice after I read about his preaching to the birds. If he looked like this man, I think they probably liked it."

It was with some difficulty that Jane persuaded her to go on and see Titian's young man in the red cap, and the sturdy blacksmiths of Goya's *Forge*.

"There's composition for you!" Jane pointed out. "Stand back as far as the velvet rope will let you, and half shut your eyes so that all you see is the way the lines turn. It is a composition Goya liked, too. Up at the Metropolitan they have a drawing of his which uses the same one—only, in that, the blacksmiths are peasants with mattocks and hoes."

And then they turned into the living part of the house, and a whole new world met Janet's dazzled eyes. In Chicago, she had paid little attention to the English portrait men who were painting about the time we were fighting the Revolutionary War, but here they were, in all their glory. The blooming and elegant young beauties of Reynolds

and Raeburn and Romney seemed like creatures out of a sun-filled story book.

"Did they really live? And did they ever throw balls and jump rope and play hockey when they were young? They look too clean and too beautiful."

Jane smiled at her. "Maybe it was just because Thomas Gainsborough was a fashionable and romantic artist that he made them look that way. But I'm more inclined to think that that was the way they wanted to look, and that he was no more flattering than a society artist must be if he is to be successful. After all, those were expensive ladies, and it was a puffed and powdered period. They didn't have to drive automobiles and crowd into buses, or they couldn't have worn those hoop skirts."

Janet bobbed about between the velvet ropes that indicated the way people must go, having more fun than a magpie in July. It was not only the pictures that delighted her, but all the furnishing of the rooms—the great desk in the library made into a bookcase to house tall books, the Chinese vases bearing sprays of hawthorn flowers, the tapestried chairs, and silver cups, and all the furnishings of a house in which wealth and taste combined to provide beautiful interiors.

Then they came to a room where a white bearded old man frowned above a mantelpiece, and Janet said there never was such a pink as that of his cape. She reached for the catalogue. "Saint Jerome," she read.

Her aunt put an arm over one shoulder.

"Do you remember," she asked, "that picture in the first gallery, the one of Christ driving the money changers from the temple?"

Janet did.

"And do you remember, in Chicago, the slim and elegant Saint Martin in armor who was cutting his cloak in two, and giving half of it to a naked beggar?"

Again Janet nodded.

"Well, the same man painted them all. His real name was Domenico Theotocopuli, and I'll give you a bag of candy marbles if you can say it. Luckily the Spaniards in Toledo, where he made his home, had as hard a time pronouncing it as we do, so they nicknamed him El Greco, which means the Greek. That was what he was. He lived about the same time as Cervantes—the man who wrote the story of Don Quixote—and a little earlier than Velasquez who painted the pink king in the first gallery. You may not like him at all—lots of people don't—but you're likely to see a lot of him if you go on looking at pictures."

Janet regarded Saint Jerome with her head on one side, like a robin listening for a worm.

"I think," she pronounced finally, "that I'd rather have the knock-kneed donkey. Now I want to see Lady Hamilton with the puppy; and then I want to see the panels that you said were painted for poor little Marie Antoinette; and then I want to go home; and then I want to come back another day. Even if we have to make a special trip to New York to do it. Can I, Jane?"

OPPOSITES ATTRACT

old, "Cissy" and "Sunup," Paul called them. They had been catching crawfish, and they were all wet and muddy. Except that they could speak Italian, they weren't very different from my own little brother and sister. I soon found out that they could be just as tactless and in the way as ordinary children.

After breakfast, Paul and I decided to hike to the store and get some sugar. I went to my room to change. It was a perfectly darling room furnished with antiques, but the Italian water pitcher was empty and the mirror was so wavy that I couldn't be sure how I looked. There was no chair, and when I sat down on the bed to change my shoes, two slats fell out. But the room had such an old-world atmosphere I didn't mind.

About the time we were ready to start, Uncle Phil came in, greatly excited, and said Fleurette had eaten too much clover and was dangerously bloated. At home, when one of our cows gets bloated, Father or Pete sticks a trocar into her side, and that's the end of it. But this was different, and I suppose it shows how sensitive artistic people are to the suffering of animals. Uncle Phil and Cissy and Sunup drove the cow into the yard, while Theresa wrung her hands and murmured tragically, "My poor, dear Fleurette!" Then she collected some rags and cobs, and ran to help them prop the cow's mouth open, to let the gas escape. Fleurette wore a silver bell, which Theresa had got in Switzerland, and it was so romantic to hear it tinkle as we took turns driving her round and round the house, "lest she lie down and die," as Cissy said.

The whole household came to a standstill until Fleurette had recovered. At lunch there were still piles of unwashed dishes sitting around, and the floors were not swept. I wished, just momentarily, for Aunt Susan who never lets anything interfere with her routine, much less a bloated cow, but I put on an apron and Paul and I undertook to do the dishes. He polished a few glasses in a dreamy way, and then he sort of drifted toward the porch, and I didn't see him again until lunch was ready. Theresa came in and said, "My dear, this is dreadful! But what a good fairy you are, and how charming in that apron!"

She sank down in a chair. "Never, my child," she sighed wearily, "never think of becoming a writer. It is slavery. My publisher is hounding me. I've got to finish an installment this week, and I'm devoid of ideas!" She really did look pale and tired. I didn't suppose writers ever got tired writing, especially such fascinating books as Theresa writes. In a preoccupied manner, she set out some lunch—ginger ale and pickles and crackers, and some cheese that certainly was none too fresh. We had very rare and unusual things to eat, in that house, and we ate at very odd times, too.

Theresa said, "A new maid promised to come this morning. For some reason, we cannot keep a maid here, whereas in Italy we had the same servants for ten years."

"I think it is the democracy," said Paul. "Everyone here expects to be President some day, no one wants to waste time being a cook."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

"She may come yet," said Theresa, and blithely pushed back the lunch dishes. "Come!" she said. "This kitchen is no place for a pretty girl. Entertain her, Paul, while I get this miserable installment on the way."

So Paul and I went fishing. We wandered along the creek bank, and picked violets, white ones and blue ones. Paul told me about Italy. I could see he was homesick. Then we fished a while, with hooks and lines, and I caught two good perch, and Paul caught a bass that weighed three pounds. That was very exciting to Paul—he had never fished much before. "We shall eat them for supper," he said proudly.

When we got home, Uncle Phil and the children had gone to the store, and Theresa was typing. "No maid yet!" she cried.

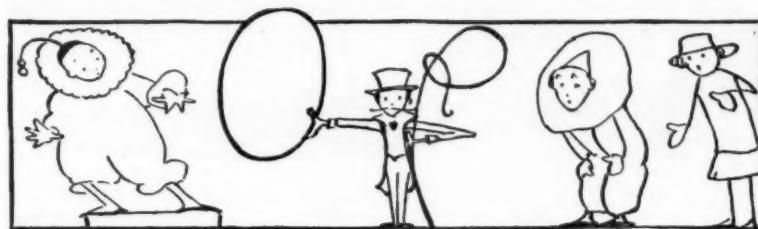
"Never mind," I told her. "We've caught some grand fish. We will clean them and fry them for supper, won't we, Paul?"

"Clean fish? I don't know how," said Paul, and he smiled in his slow way. Then he went and lay down in the hammock.

"Ah, he is so like the Italians," said Theresa tolerantly. "He leaves the heavy work for women."

Indignantly I went out with the fish, and I couldn't keep back the tears. No matter how artistic a boy is, it seems to me, he ought to be willing to clean a few fish. Even Pete, as crude as he is, wouldn't let a girl clean fish for him. I may be impractical, as Mother says, but I managed to get that fish cleaned and fried, and it was good, too, and Paul ate his full share without a blush.

If I live to be a (*Continued on page 50*)



Laugh and Grow Scout

The Reason

In a shoe store in New Jersey, a Swedish man entered and asked for a job. He was hired. A few days later his employer caught him throwing a pair of men's shoes into the waste basket. "What's the idea?" he asked angrily.

"Dey be no good," stated the Swede. "I try dem on six fellers, and dey don't fit no one."—Sent by ELIZABETH WADE, Ironton, Ohio.

He Couldn't

A small city boy was visiting his country cousin. As they walked around the farm, he asked a great many questions.

"I guess you don't know much," the country lad finally burst out. "Why, you don't even know whether that's a Jersey cow, or not!"

"I can't tell from here because I can't see the license," replied the city boy with dignity.—Sent by GERALDINE WEARBE, Binghamton, New York.

Right

A little girl who had just arrived in the country saw a duck waddling about. Turning to her mother she said, "Mother, that duck walks as if it had just gotten out of a rumble seat."—Sent by NONA MAE GIELHART, Cumberland, Washington.

Never Say Die!



"There are some songs that will never die," said the musical enthusiast.

"Yes, that's right," answered Mr. Roxley. "My daughter sits down at the piano and tries to kill a few of them every evening. But it's no use."—Sent by BLANCHE HUMPHREY, Suffern, New York.

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month



Eccentric

SHE: A moth leads a topsy-turvy life.

HE: What do you mean?

SHE: He spends the summer in a fur coat, and the winter in a bathing suit.—Sent by FRANCES ANN BAUSCH, Guydan, Louisiana.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

Practical

An artist was painting a quaint cottage when the owner, a Cape Codder, came out and asked what he was going to do with the picture when he finished it.

"I shall send it to an exhibition," said the painter.

"Will many people see it?" asked the owner earnestly.

"Thousands, I hope," replied the artist.

"Then perhaps you wouldn't mind putting on it, 'To let for the summer months.'”—Sent by ELIZABETH HAMILTON, Flushing, New York.

"Modern Times"

TEACHER: Jimmy, tell the class something about Colonel Lindbergh's greatfeat.

JIMMY: I've never seen them, but I can tell you about Charlie Chaplin's.—Sent by VIRGINIA M. RICE, Portage, Wisconsin.

An Old Capric Custom



Mr. Smith had a goat he wished to send by train to another town. Old Rastus, his negro helper, was sent to the station to see that the goat was shipped. A little while later Mr. Smith's telephone rang. It was Rastus—and he was in great trouble.

"What'll I do, Massa?" asked the old man. "Dis goat done et up whar he gwine."—Sent by SARAH KATHERINE MATTHEWS, Humboldt, Tennessee.

No Treat

JOHN (in high school—to colored cook): Do you like Algebra, Mandy?

MANDY: No sah, Massa Johnny, Ah nevah lak de taste. Allus taste lak castah-oil to me!—Sent by BARBARA BRUNING, Wheeling, West Virginia.

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Are YOU a SHIRLEY TEMPLE fan?

If you are, be sure to read the back cover of this magazine. You will find there information that should interest you very much.

the queen consort of Leopold III, was killed last fall in an automobile accident, and in our January column we showed you a picture of the single stamp which had been issued to the Queen's memory. To glorify the memory of a woman loved by many millions all over the world, Belgium issued a full series of eight different stamps, all of the design which we have again illustrated for you. The stamps were sold at a premium over their face value, so that the extra funds could be used in the fight against tuberculosis. Each denomination is of a different color, surrounded by a heavy black border in the design.

SYLVIA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

and was waiting for another early in the morning."

There was no doubt about the strained attention on the faces of her three listeners.

Mrs. Dixon hurried on. "She sat there all night—she couldn't trust herself to tell me about it when I saw her next day, and I couldn't ask. She didn't know where we'd gone, or for how long, and there wasn't anyone else she knew well enough to go to."

"And in the morning—" Karen prompted.

"Oh, yes, in the morning she *walked*—she was scared to spend one of her last three nickels—to Fulton Street to Dave's office. She was waiting in the corridor when he came in at nine. He said—he said she tried not to let him see she was crying with relief at the sight of him. Of course he told her I was back at the apartment by then, and packed her off to me in a rush."

"Then she's here now?" Judy asked. Somehow she felt as if she had had a heavy weight lifted off her chest, letting her breathe again. This might have happened to herself, or Karen, if there hadn't been people like Miriam and Aunt Fran to stand between them and the nightmares Rosalie Dixon was describing.

"No, Sylvia is awfully proud," the latter said. "She stayed here that night, and Saturday morning she answered a Want ad for a temporary secretary to a doctor down on lower Fifth Avenue. She landed it, too—it's only while his regular secretary's away ill—and the silly kid went off and engaged herself a little hall bedroom in Greenwich Village, and moved right in."

Karen glanced at her wrist watch. "Could we find her at this doctor's office now, or had we better go to her room?"

"She works at the office till after six," Mrs. Dixon said. "The doctor has office hours between five and six. Wait—I'll write it down. It's a Dr. Thorne, at this address. That's near Tenth Street, I think."

She handed the slip of paper to Karen who put it into her hand bag.

They thanked her, and said their goodbyes in sudden anxiety to be on their way. It was already past four, and it would be five before they reached Tenth Street.

They didn't talk very much going downtown again. Judy murmured once in a shaken voice, "Karen, I'm—afraid of New York."

Karen said, "Nonsense!" in a not very convincing tone, but she slipped her hand through Judy's as the subway train roared on its noisy way.

The last of the short winter twilight had long ago faded, and all the street lights



Short Talk FOR LONG DISTANCE

SOMETIMES, when you're making a long distance telephone call, you might overhear the operators talking in what seems a strange language. They'll say a few words in English, and then spell letters that don't make sense to you. Those operators are saving your time and theirs by using a code of "short talk."

Telephone operators memorize and use a standard version of shortened English. For example, *b y*, to a Bell System operator, means *the line is busy . . . d a* stands for *does not answer . . . a g* are the code letters for *try again . . . w h* means *we have the party called*. This use of codes simplifies



work, avoids confusion and misunderstanding, and saves time. True enough, it may speed up each telephone call by only a few seconds. But multiply those seconds by the two and one-half million out-of-town calls made every day in the United States. The result is a staggering number of hours—even days—that are saved in every twenty-four hours.

Things like this—the result of conscientious study on the part of the Bell System, which is always after the better way—explain why we have here in America the world's finest, most reliable telephone service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

were on, as the twins and Judy entered the imposing red brick apartment house where Dr. Martin Thorne had his offices.

Several patients were in the waiting room, but no secretary was at the mahogany desk with its shining typewriter that stood at the end of the room, near the closed double doors leading to the inner office.

Awkwardly the two girls and the boy stood in the center of the room, uncertain of what they ought to do.

Just then the double doors were pushed back rather violently, and a dark man with a keen, cross face and shell-rimmed spectacles stood in the opening, staring impatiently around the waiting room.

He noticed the three young people, and took a step toward them.

"Appointment?" he barked so sharply that Karen jumped and lost her courage.

Judy, seeing her thus suddenly tongue-tied, flushed scarlet and stated their business.

The doctor's face looked crosser than before, as he beckoned them into the inner office.

"So am I looking for her," he said unexpectedly, seating himself at his desk. "I don't know what's come over girls who pretend they want jobs, these days. No sense of responsibility, any of 'em. What'd you want with her, hey?" he asked rudely.

But now Richard (*Continued on page 30*)

OPPOSITES ATTRACT

hundred, I will never forget that week. Every day we had some sort of crisis. I hate to be humdrum, but it is sort of wearing. I found out, to live in a state of frenzy. For instance, early next morning a man came by selling late strawberries. "So delicious for jam!" murmured Theresa, and she bought an entire crate. Then she said she must get to work, and she went into her study and locked the door. Paul got out his violin and began to practice, the minute Uncle Phil and the children started to cap the berries. I don't mean to be bitter, or unfair, but it's surprising how artistic people manage to keep out of humble toil. I helped to cook the jam, though I really meant to get a book of poetry and go sit in the hammock. But there was something sort of pathetic about Uncle Phil measuring sugar, and studying the cook-book. The kitchen looked like an *abattoir* by the time we had finished, and Theresa came in to help me clean it up. The story, she said, was going to be marvelous, but the way she cleaned up the kitchen would have given Aunt Susan hysterics.

I was glad when the jam was out of sight. I thought then we might subside, but no. Not an hour later, I heard a wild outcry, and I went out and discovered that bees were swarming. Uncle Phil rushed out, in a costume that made him look a little like a deep-sea diver; he shouted directions while Theresa and the children ran to and fro, beating on pans, and throwing water and dust into the air, at a great rate. The bees settled on a high limb of the wild cherry tree in the back yard. Uncle Phil had to mount a ladder and, somehow, in getting down, the ladder broke and he fell and sprained his ankle. I'm not joking. That's the way things happened in that family—just one emergency after another. Theresa tore up a linen pillow slip and soaked it in arnica for bandages. Uncle Phil lay on the grass and moaned in a harrowing way.

When milking time came, he said tragically, "Who now will milk Fleurette? In this large household, I am the only one capable of milking a cow. And I lie helpless!" I was embarrassed. I didn't know Uncle Phil could be so temperamental.

At last I said, "I can milk Fleurette," and I cast a look at Paul that I hoped would shrivel him up. But it didn't, not at all. While I was milking, he leaned on the bars and sang a Swiss milking song to me. No American boy would have the nerve to sing while he let a girl do the milking.

"You look so pretty," he said. "I like

you in that milkmaid apron." I thought bitterly of my two new evening dresses, and my high-heeled slippers.

But that evening, a friend of Theresa's called up and said she was having a dance the next night, and wanted me and Paul to come. My heart sort of melted within me when I saw Paul in his evening clothes. Apollo couldn't have looked more tall and handsome. And I felt rather grand in my pretty yellow dress and slippers.

"You are angelic looking!" said Theresa. She fished among her things and brought out a string of topaz beads for me to wear.

So, in grand style, we set out. The car, as I said, was even worse than ours, and I soon found out that Paul didn't know much about driving. I certainly was surprised at that, and then I remembered that in Italy not everybody drives a car. We had ten miles to go, but it was a lovely moonlight night, and Paul sang Italian songs.

The house was big and beautiful, and the hostess, Mrs. Royce, was just my ideal. I met loads of cute boys and girls, and I had a grand rush. Paul was just like Prince Charming in person, and he's a marvelous dancer. All the girls were dead with envy. I just wished that Pete and his crude friends could see me dancing with Paul. And I decided that, after all, it wasn't a vital matter that he wouldn't learn to clean fish and milk cows.

It was about one o'clock when we started home, and we were about halfway when Paul hit a rock, and a tire blew out. We climbed out and Paul stood and looked at the tire in dismal silence.

"I have never changed a tire," he said.

At that I giggled, sort of hysterically. "I can tell you how," I said. I showed him how to go about it, and he was so slow and awkward I felt sort of sorry for him. By main force and awkwardness he got the tire off, and the old spare on. In getting the jack out, he mashed his finger very severely, if you could tell by the yell he gave. But the crucial moment came when the spare gently sank down, until it was flat.

Paul gnashed his teeth. It was four miles to the nearest telephone, and five home.

"We might patch it," I said timidly.

Paul turned on me and simply hissed, "Patch a tire by moonlight! I cannot patch a tire by daylight."

I have known a lot of boys, and some of them are sissies, too, but I never before knew a boy who couldn't patch a tire. I helped him get the tube out of the casing,

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

and I wish you could have seen the finicky way he tried to put on that patch. We didn't have enough glue, and at last the patch just curled up and dropped off on the ground. Paul exploded into Italian words, and for once I was glad I didn't know Italian.

At last I said, "I think we'd better be starting to walk home."

You can imagine how comfortable it was, staggering along in my high heels and trying not to scuff them. Paul tramped along beside me, and a gloomy silence fell between us. Did you ever go to a movie, and see a beautiful picture that put a spell on you so that life seemed all magical and complete, and then come out into the glare and noise of the street, and have the spell shattered? It's sort of crushing. And that's the way I felt right then. The dance had been so lovely, and now I felt like Cinderella after the clock struck twelve.

I wasn't sorry when the week was over. Geniuses shine brighter at a distance, I guess. If you get too close to them you see that, after all, they are just people, and maybe with some drawbacks that ordinary people don't have.

Pete was waiting for me at the station when I got home. He had fixed up the old car until I hardly knew it. He had a visitor with him, a boy named Tommy, from Knoxville. Tommy was a cheerful, red headed soul, with freckles on his nose and a tennis racket under his arm. That was cheering to me because I love to play tennis. We stopped at the drug store and had banana splits, and when we got home it was supper time.

All the family rushed out to meet me. I didn't know they'd be so glad to see me. Aunt Susan was there, black and beaming.

"You look peaked, honey," she said. "They ain't fed you right."

For supper we had fried chicken and green peas and asparagus and hot rolls and iced tea and strawberry shortcake with piles of whipped cream. I ate and ate and ate, thinking of the burnt bacon and Swiss chard and stale lady fingers we had had at Theresa's the last night.

After supper, Pete and Tommy and I went out on the porch. Through the window I could see Father reading his newspaper, and Mother crocheting her bedspread, and my little brother and sister working on their never-ending cross-word puzzle. I could hear Aunt Susan rattling dishes and singing, and I gave a sigh of satisfaction. Home, be it ever so humdrum, is a right nice place to be.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

WHERE IS SYLVIA?

had recovered his wits and his self-possession. He said shortly, "She lost her purse with some money in it, and we found it."

The doctor appeared slightly disconcerted.

"Oh—well, well, all right. Excuse my abruptness," he said more affably. "I've been driven mad having my patients and the office, too, on my hands without help. I don't know where to lay my hand on case cards and special reports." His voice had become aggrieved again, but he was not cross now, just sorry for himself, like a spoiled child.

Karen bit back an impulsive smile. "You mean Miss Mason isn't here now, Doctor Thorne?" she asked him.

"That's what I'm complaining about," he said bitterly. Then he seemed to catch a hint of that bitten-back smile of Karen's, and a guilty, likable grin spread over his own face in answer.

"I don't like to tell you to leave the purse," he said. "I'm not sure she'll come back at all, after walking out on me this way. Some one came with a message for her about eleven o'clock this morning, and she asked me if she could take an extra hour off at lunch time, as something very urgent had come up. Like a fool I told her she could, and I haven't laid eyes on her since."

"You—didn't notice who brought her the

message, did you, Doctor?" Judy asked. There was a half frightened look in her gray eyes, that deepened to frank alarm when the man said carelessly, "Yes, I did happen to see him. It was a funny little Chinaman. I remember thinking his face looked exactly like a shriveled yellow winter apple."

The Chinaman again! The same—or another? What had he—or they—to do with Sylvia, and Major Wade, and the jade Buddha? And who was spooking around the Colby's house in the darkness of night? And why—oh, why!—didn't Sylvia go back to the doctor's office? The next, and last installment answers all of these questions.



"There are dates that make us happy, There are dates that make us sad"

FIVE minutes more and I'd have dropped in my tracks," sighed Jean, a spoonful of chocolate sundae halfway to her mouth. "What a day for a history exam! Hot, sticky, rainy—"

Joan twinkled at her over her own strawberry soda. "Is *any* day a good one for an exam? Personally, I'd rather get it over, and save a really good day for some fun."

Jean disregarded this consoling thought. "The only date I know," she mumbled, capturing the cherry from the summit of the chocolate mound, "is 1492; and I never saw so many dates in an exam before."

● "Fierce," agreed her chum. "But I have an idea we both passed. We're fairly good at history, old dear."

Jean brightened. "Ain't it the truth! Guess I just needed refreshment. Is that the June AMERICAN GIRL under your Algebra?"

"Yah. It's a peachy cover, isn't

it? You might know—it's by Ruth King."

"Uh-huh. It's lovely. Miss King told Mother the other day that the girl is her niece. Her niece posed for it, I mean. Isn't that exciting?"

"Cute girl," said Joan. "I'd like to know her."

● Jean reached for the magazine. "Boy!" she exclaimed suddenly. "Five stories instead of four this month! And one of them a Bushy and Lofty story, by Edith Ballinger Price—*The Mouse-Party*. Did you read that, Jo?"

"Rather. It's one of the funniest yet. And look at this: another Phyl and Meg Merriam tale, by Mary Avery Glen—*The Thing in the Room*. That made my hair stand directly up on end. It's a—a—"

"'Lallapalooosa' is probably the word you're fishing for, my angel," supplied Jean briskly. "And here's a Hildegarde Hawthorne story—*Forgotten Gold*. It looks like a

Western, with two girls in some kind of exciting mixup. And here's a Marjorie Maxwell story—*The House on Sunrise Mountain*."

"She does get such good titles." Joan stretched out her hand for the magazine. "And her stories always go to the spot." She turned the pages. "I haven't read *Sue Goes to Prague* yet; and this leopard story, by Alexander Sprunt, Jr., looks very interesting. What say we go home and read it?"

"Nothing I'd like better," agreed Jean. She reached for her Panama, then hesitated. "These sundaes are very pleasant. Let's have another before we go."

●

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